

# POLICE

SA  
ON



MAY No. 54

COMICS

10¢

**PLASTIC MAN**  
erases  
**CRIME!**

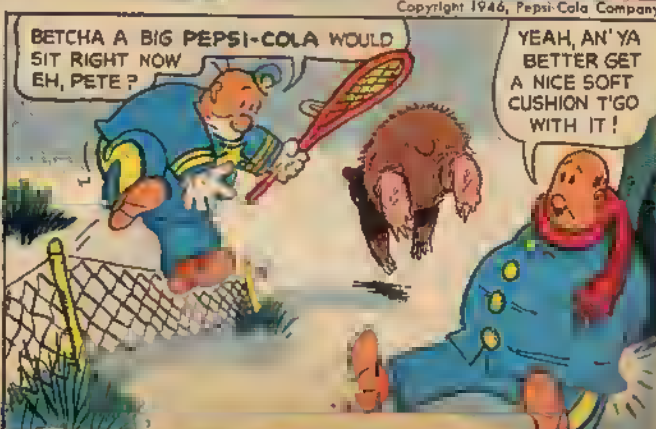
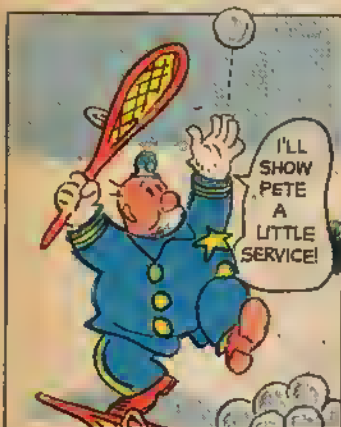
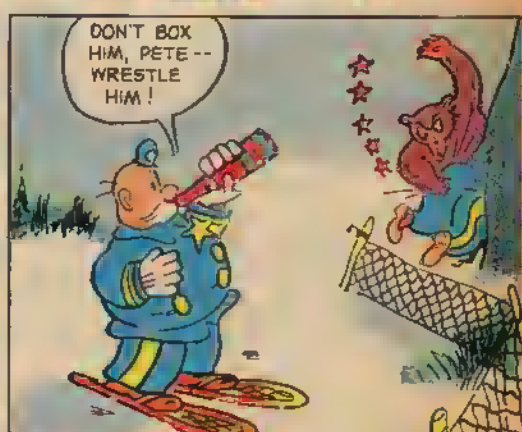
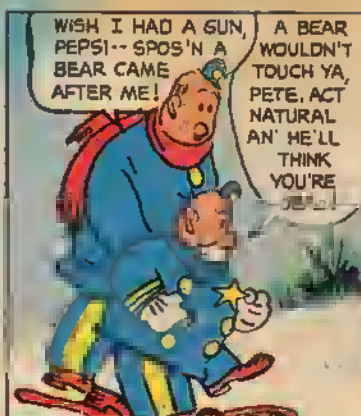
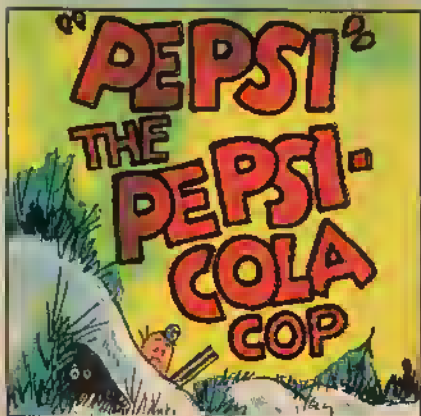






WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





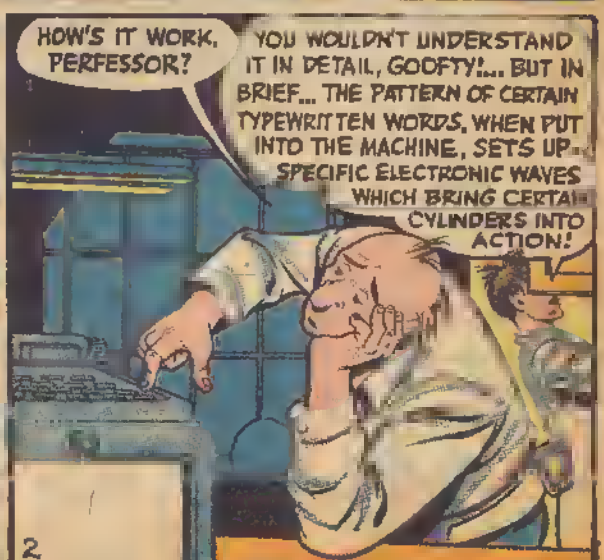
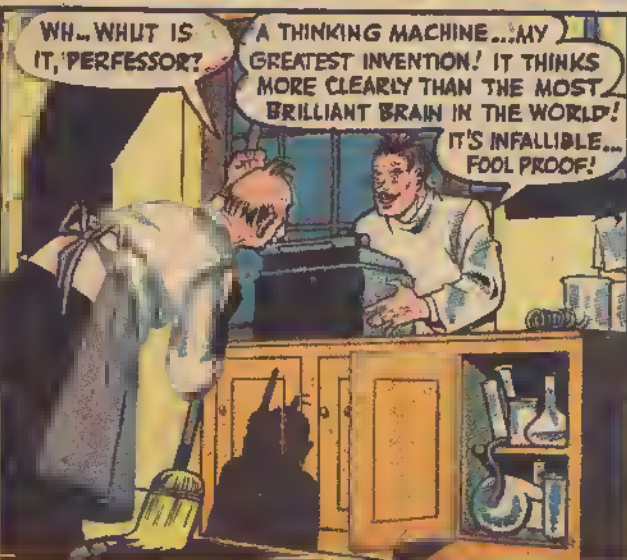
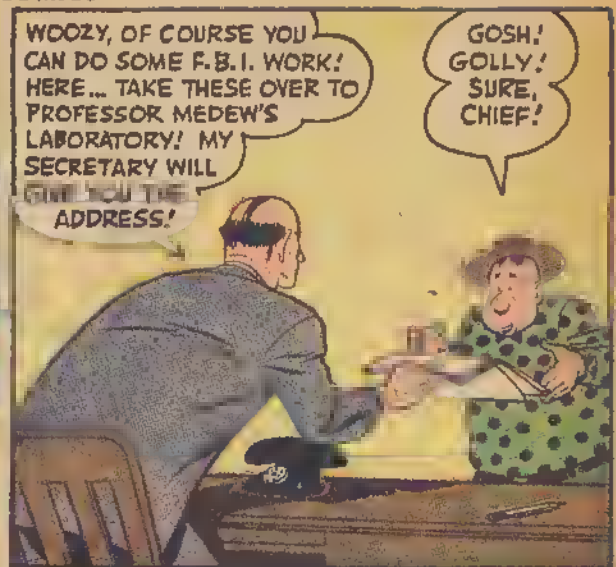
# PLASTIC MAN

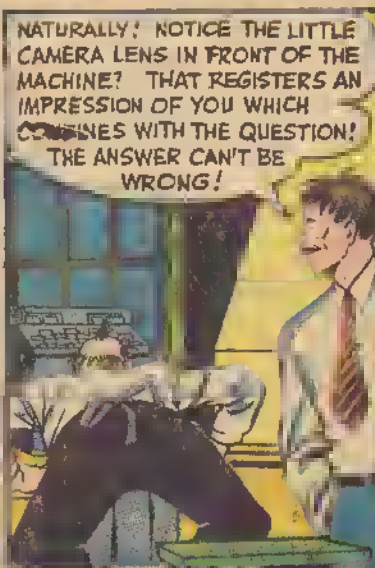
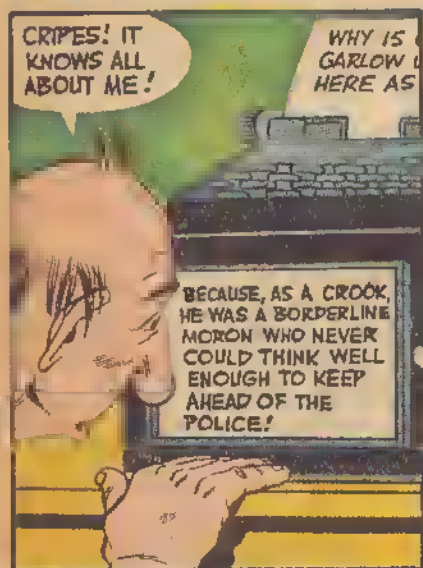
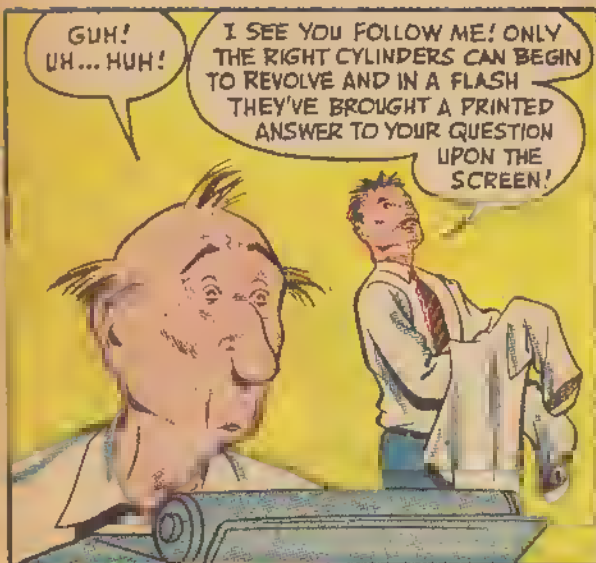
THIS  
THINKING  
MACHINE IS  
TERRIFIC, PLAS! IT  
NEVER FAILS TO TURN  
UP THE RIGHT  
ANSWER TO ANY  
QUESTION!

WOODY IS A DIM-  
WITTED PRONY FROM  
AWAY BACK WHO  
COULDN'T CATCH A  
SMART CRIMINAL  
IF HE TRIED ---

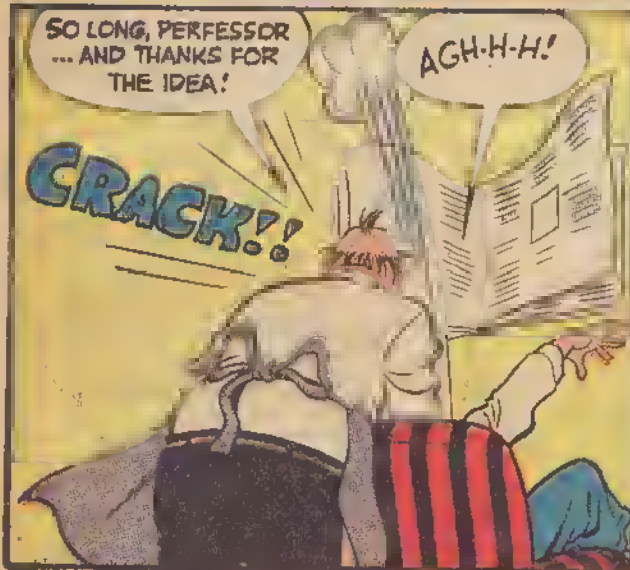
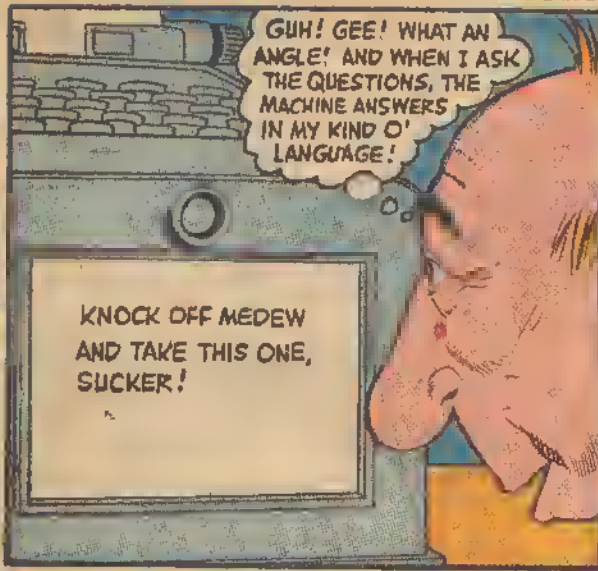








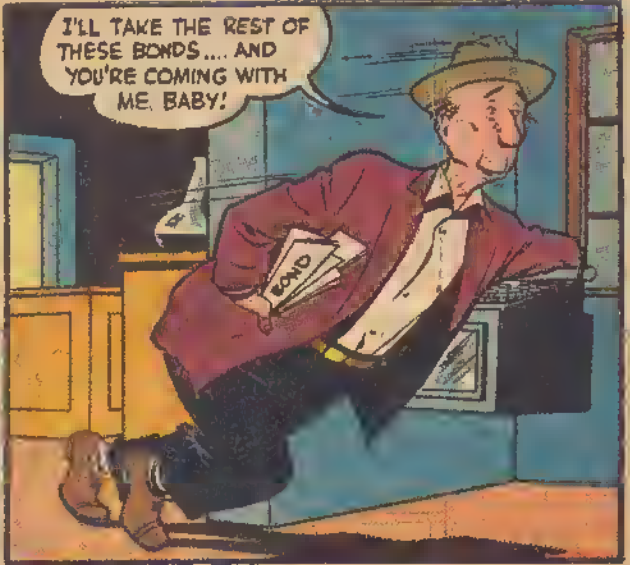




GOSH! GOODNESS!  
GOLLY! THE  
PROFESSOR'S  
DEAD! I GOTTA  
GET PLASTIC  
MAN!



I'LL TAKE THE REST OF  
THESE BONDS.... AND  
YOU'RE COMING WITH  
ME, BABY!



MAYBE I WAS A...A... WHATCHA CALL  
ME... A BORDERLINE MORON ONCE... BUT  
WITH YOU ON MY SIDE, I'M A THINKER!  
YEAH... THAT'S IT... YOU MAKE ME A  
THINKER... ONLY  
IT DON'T  
HURT!



IN CASE YOU'RE  
INTERESTED, I  
HEARD SOME AWFUL  
YELLIN' FOR HELP  
OVER AT  
PERFESSOR  
MEDEW'S  
HOUSE!



WHAT?  
I'LL GET  
RIGHT  
OVER  
THERE!

CAUGHT  
RED  
HANDED!

WH-WHO-  
ME?



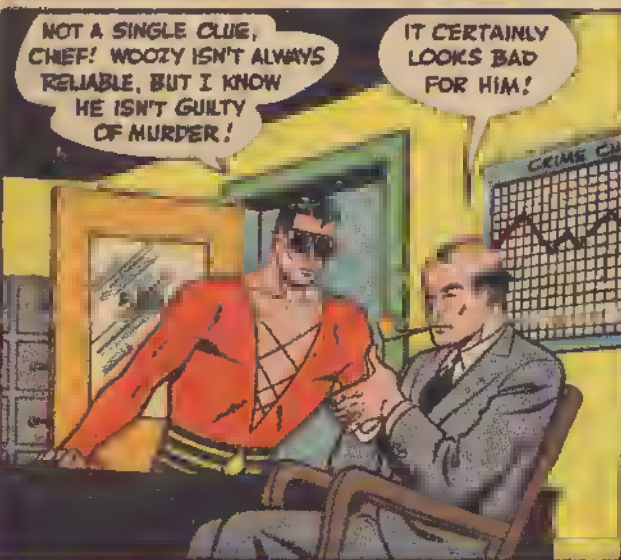
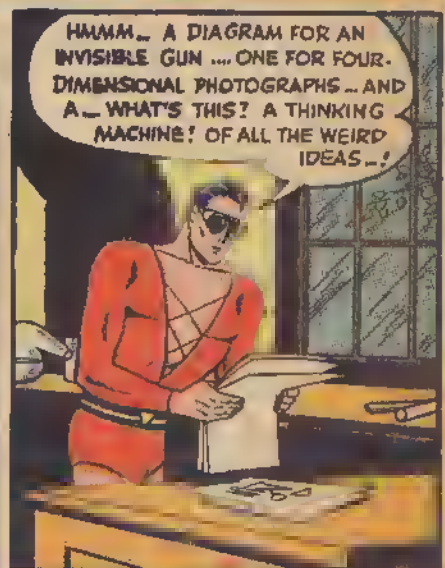
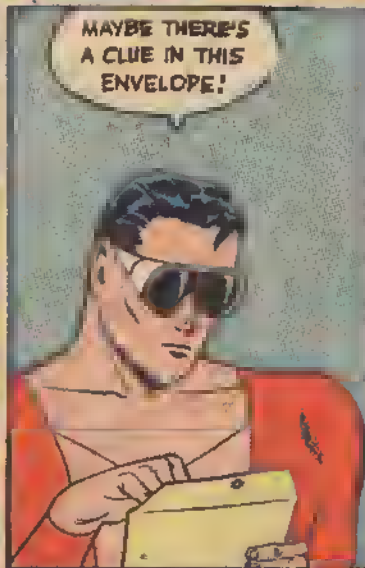
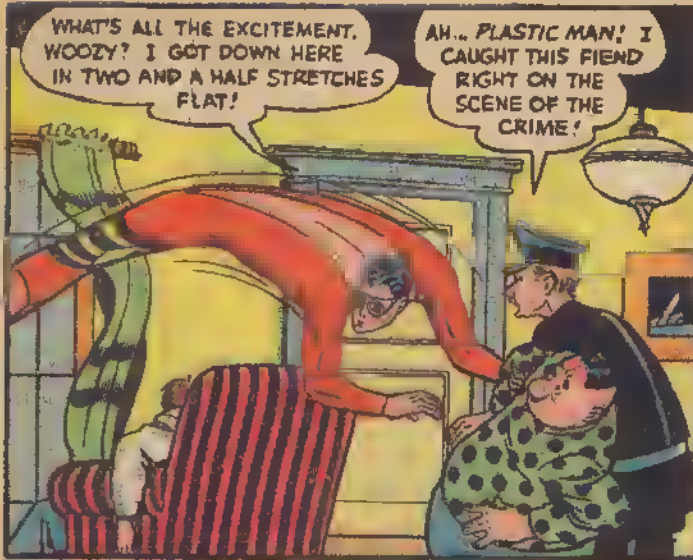
MOTIVE...  
ROBBERY!

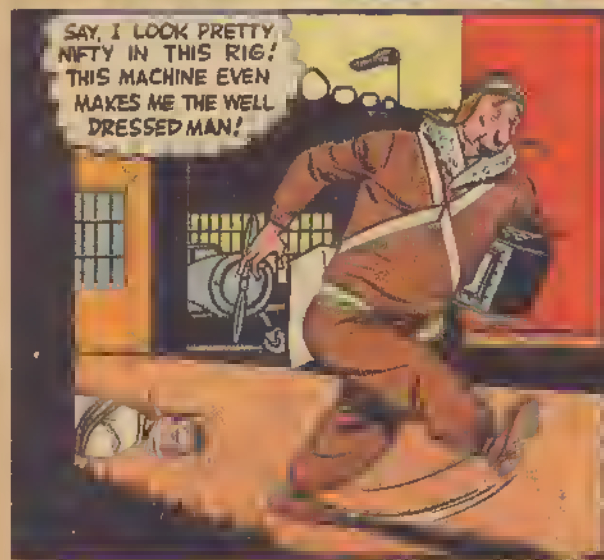
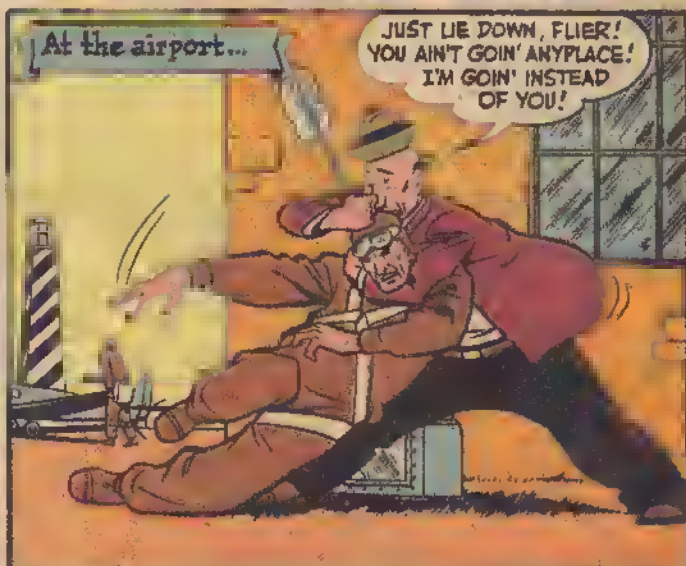
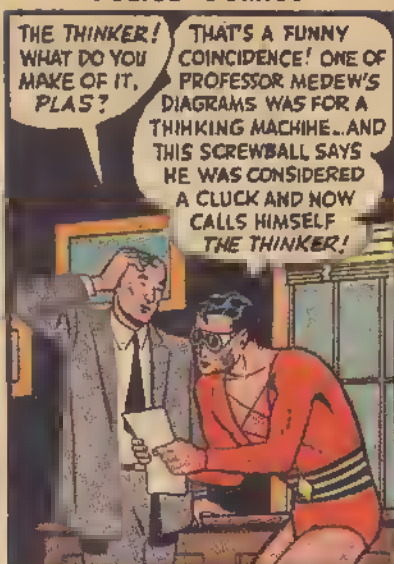
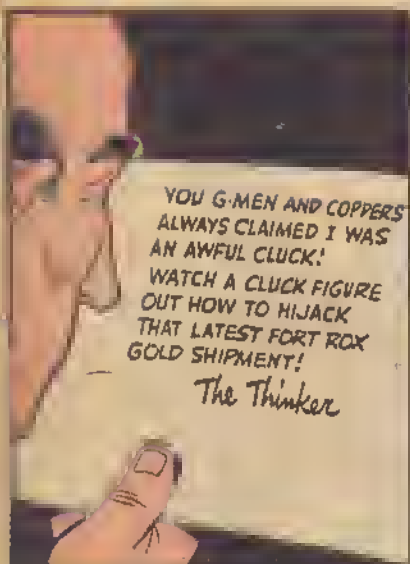


THE MURDER WEAPON  
...A METAL PAPER  
WEIGHT!

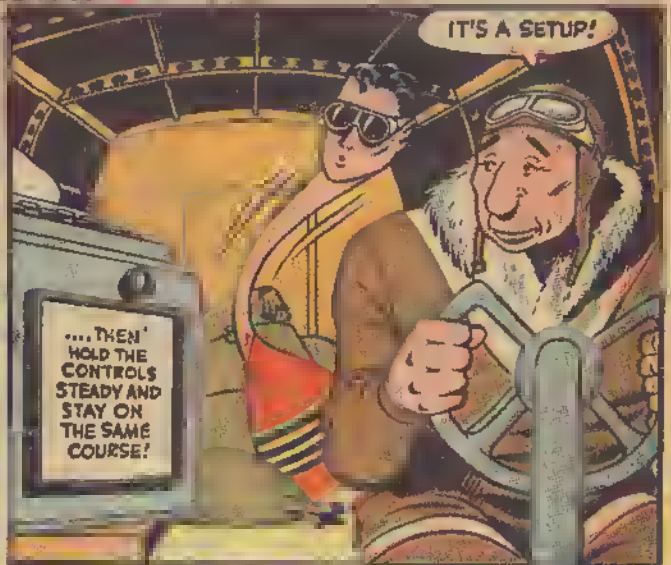


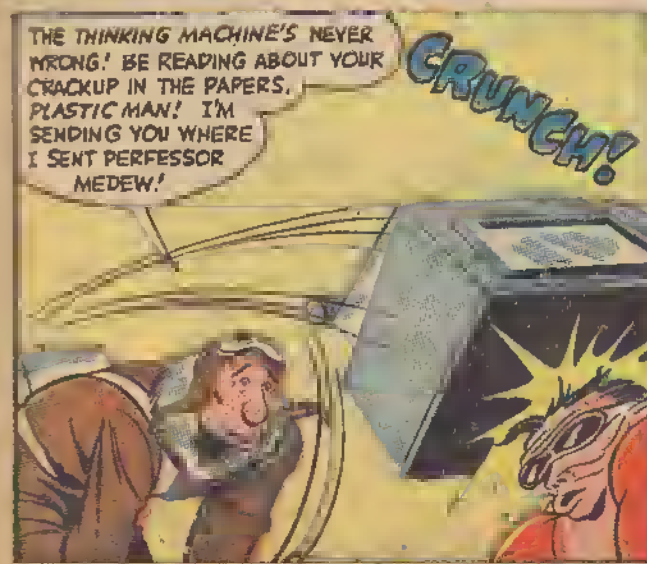
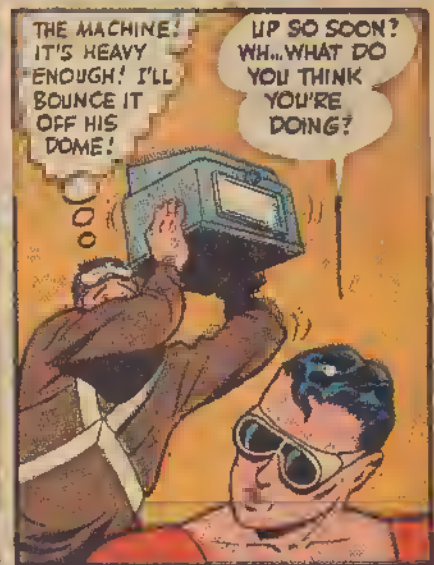
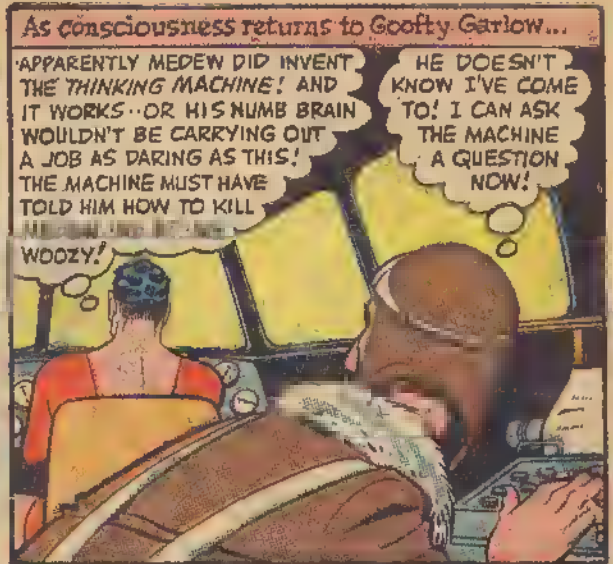




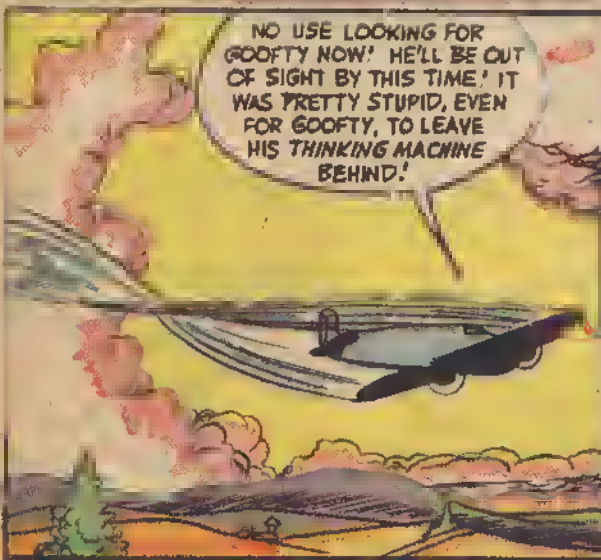
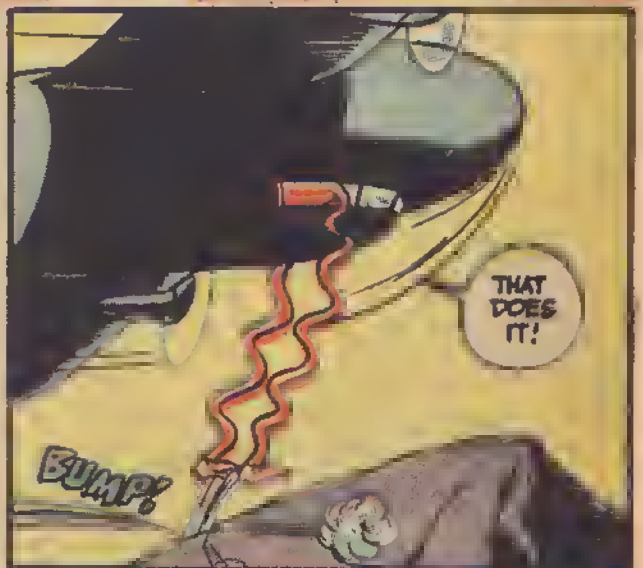








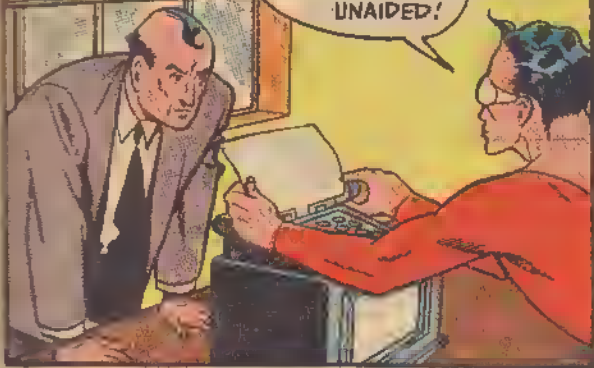




Back at F.B.I. headquarters...

A THINKING MACHINE?  
BUT IT'S RIDICULOUS!  
IT CAN'T POSSIBLY  
WORK!

I'VE SEEN IT  
WORK, CHIEF.... AND I'M  
GOING TO GIVE YOU A  
DEMONSTRATION! GOOFTY  
GARLOW ISN'T TOO BRIGHT  
AND I COULD CATCH HIM  
EASILY ENOUGH  
UNAIDED!

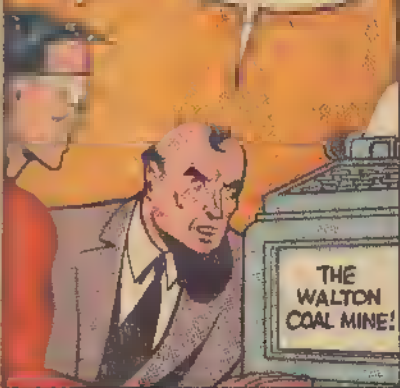


BUT I'M GOING TO LET THE  
THINKING MACHINE TELL ME  
WHERE HE IS AND SHOW  
YOU THAT I'LL FIND  
HIM THERE!



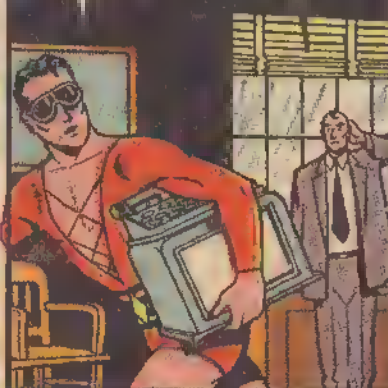
THAT'S FUNNY!  
THE MACHINE  
SEEMED TO GIVE  
A DETAILED  
ANSWER LAST  
TIME!

IT'S FUNNIER  
THAN THAT! THERE'S  
BEEN A FIRE  
RAGING DOWN IN  
THE WALTON COAL  
MINE FOR DAYS!



ANYWAY, I'M GOING  
TO TRY IT! HAVE  
YOU ARRANGED  
FOR WOODY'S  
RELEASE?

HE'S ON  
HIS WAY OUT  
NOW!



HI, PLAS! WELL,  
WE DID IT AGAIN.  
DIDN'T WE? GOSH,  
I WAS IN JAIL  
PRACTICALLY  
NO TIME AT ALL!  
HEY, PLAS, WHY  
THE RUSH?

IT SEEMS I'VE  
GOT TO HAIL  
PROFESSOR  
MEGUEW'S M...  
OUT OF A  
BURNING  
COAL MINE!



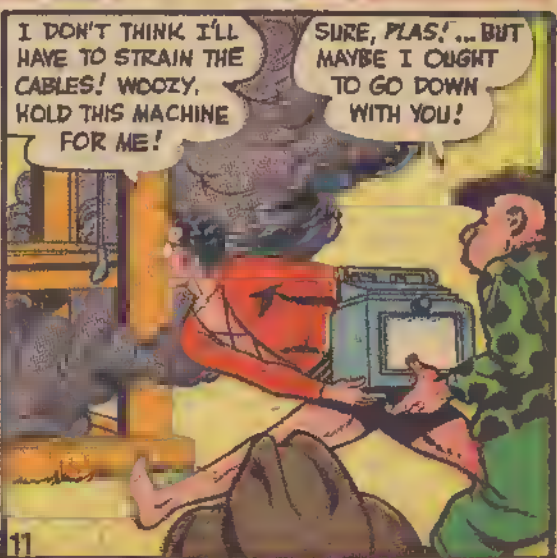
WHAT'S THE  
ONLY POSSIBLE  
WAY LEFT TO GET  
INTO THE  
MINE?

BY THE NORTH ENTRANCE.... BUT  
THE ELEVATOR CAN'T BE USED!  
NOBODY'S WORKED IT IN YEARS  
AND THE CABLES ARE READY  
TO BREAK!

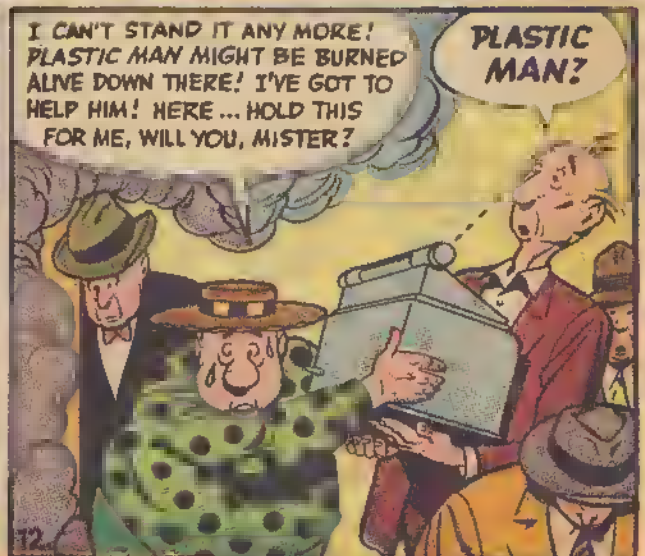
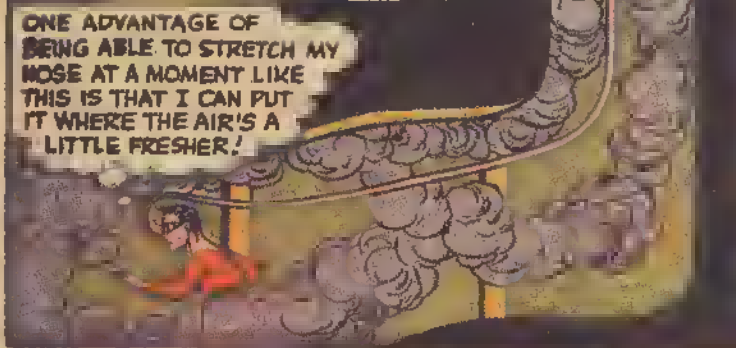


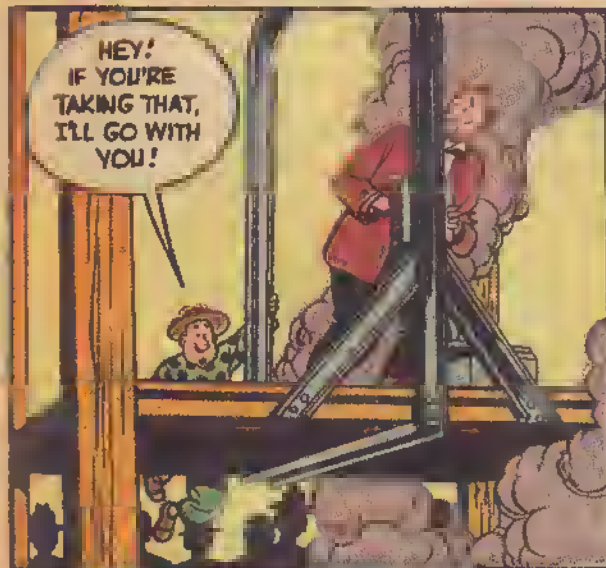
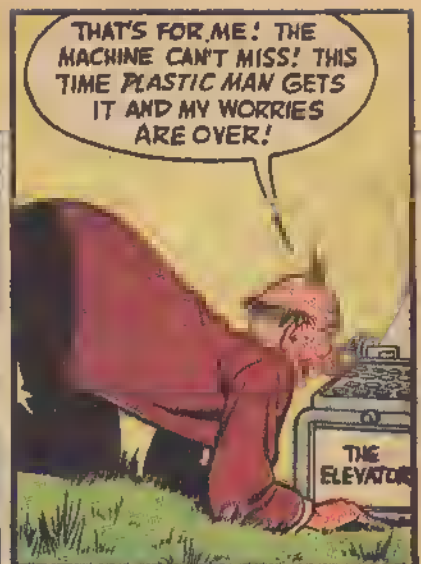
I DON'T THINK I'LL  
HAVE TO STRAIN THE  
CABLES! WOODY,  
HOLD THIS MACHINE  
FOR ME!

SURE, PLAS! ... BUT  
MAYBE I OUGHT  
TO GO DOWN  
WITH YOU!

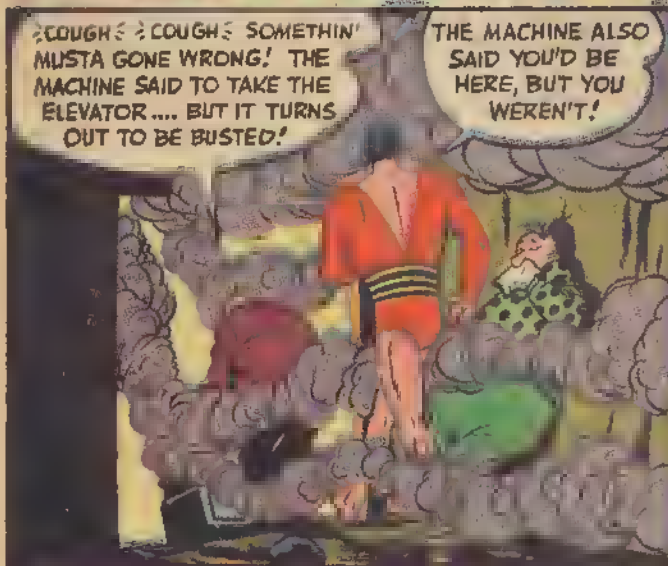


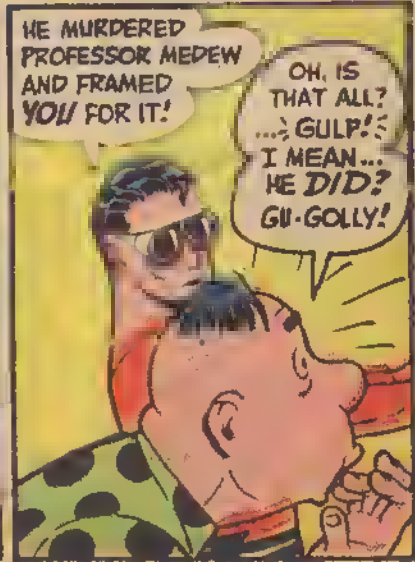
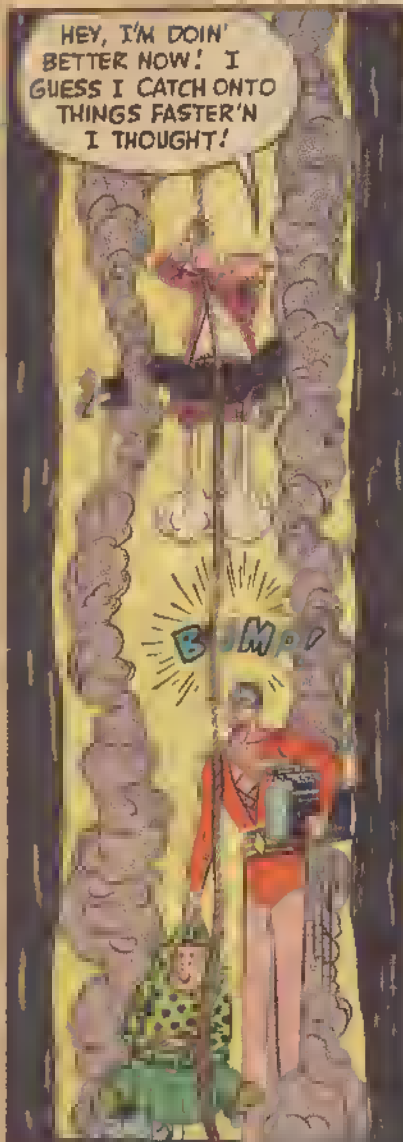




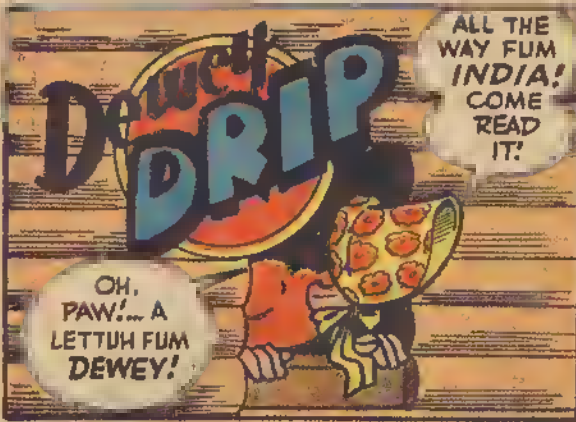




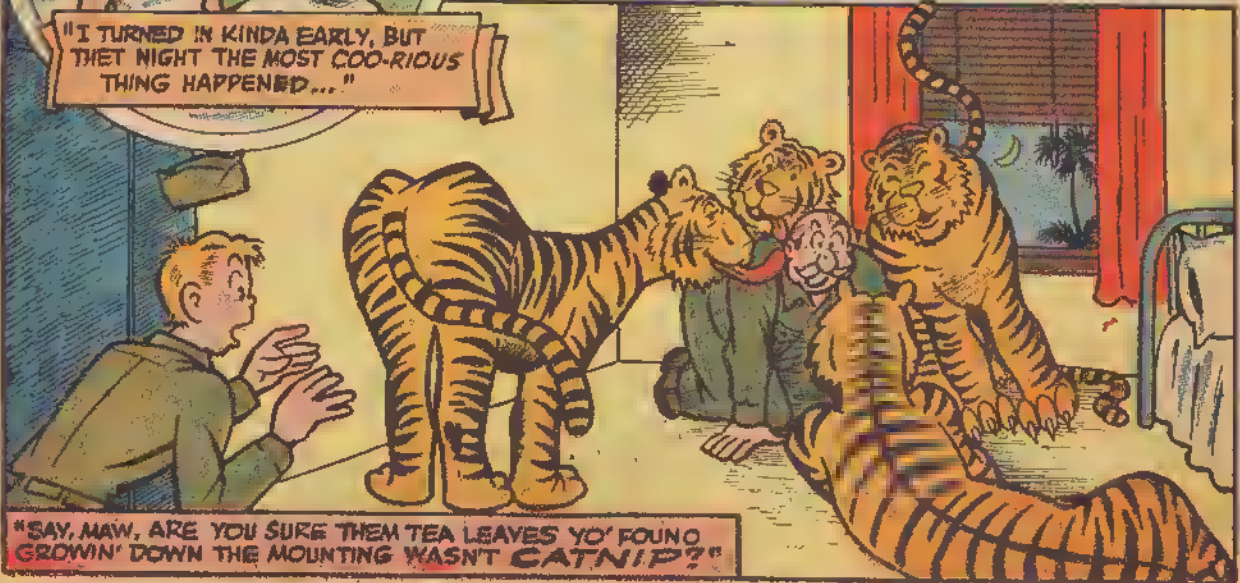
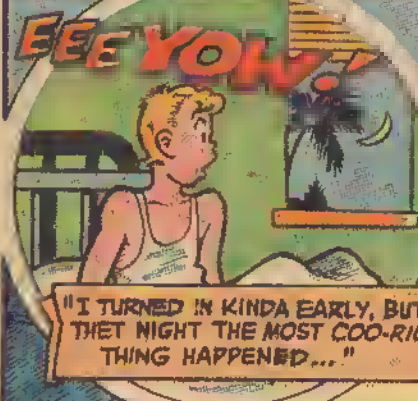
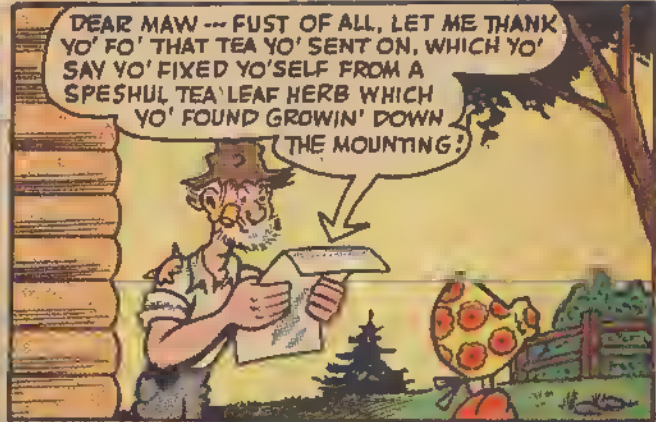








ALL THE WAY FUM INDIA! COME READ IT!



POLICE COMICS

# Manhunter

**T**wo battling bodies -- two  
brilliant brains -- two  
heroic hearts --

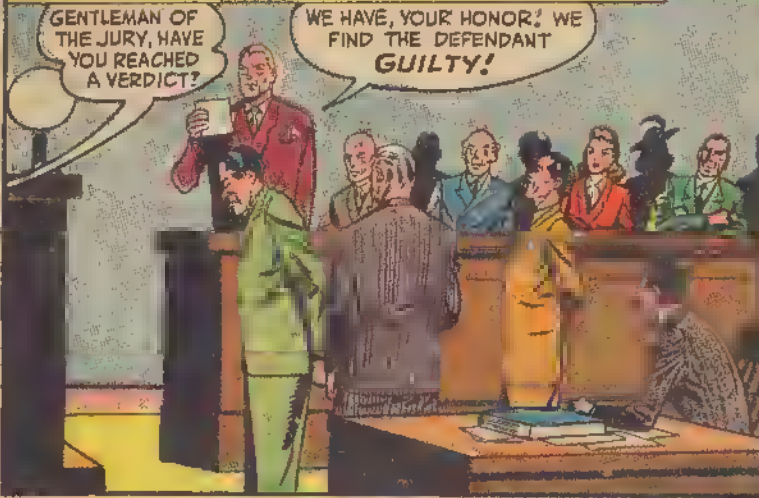
And only **ONE WISH**...

**Manhunter and Thor**  
concentrate every atom  
of energy on the fierce  
fight against **EVIL!**





A noted criminal trial ends --- another **TRIUMPH** for Gowland, brilliant chief deputy prosecutor ---



GENTLEMAN OF THE JURY, HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

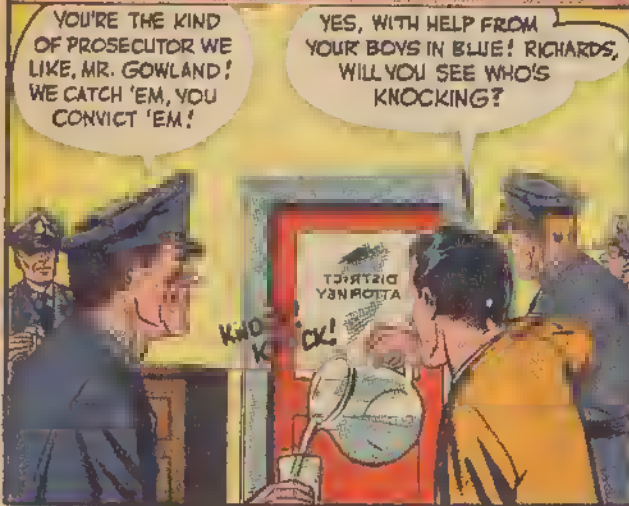
WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR! WE FIND THE DEFENDANT **GUILTY!**

YOU CONVICTED MY CLIENT, GOWLAND, AND I'M SORRY! BUT I CAN'T HELP ADMIRING YOUR MIND AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF LAW!

THAT'S GENEROUS, COMING FROM MY OPPONENT! I'M AFRAID I'LL DEFEAT YOU WHEN YOU REPRESENT OTHER CRIMINALS, MORTON!



Gowland celebrates with his friends, the police,....



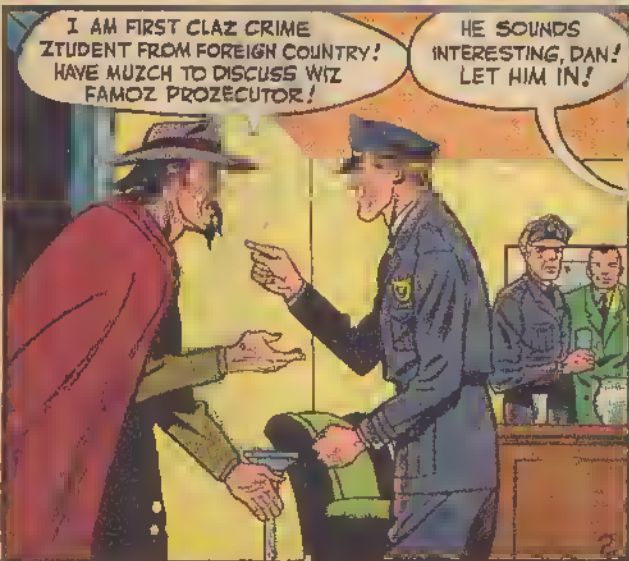
YOU'RE THE KIND OF PROSECUTOR WE LIKE, MR. GOWLAND! WE CATCH 'EM, YOU CONVICT 'EM!

YES, WITH HELP FROM YOUR BOYS IN BLUE! RICHARDS, WILL YOU SEE WHO'S KNOCKING?



SORRY, SIR---THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY---

BUT IT IS NEZZEZZARY ZAT I ZEE MISTER GOWLAND!



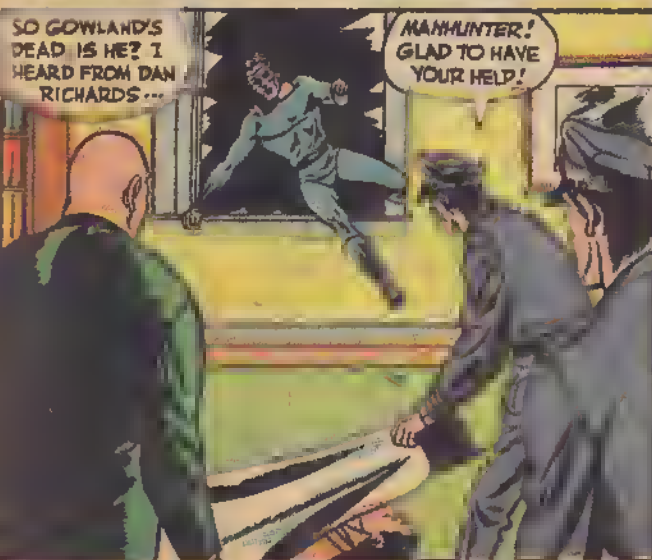
I AM FIRST CLAZ CRIME ZTUDENT FROM FOREIGN COUNTRY! HAVE MUZCH TO DISCUSS WIZ FAMOZ PROZECUTOR!

HE SOUNDS INTERESTING, DAN! LET HIM IN!

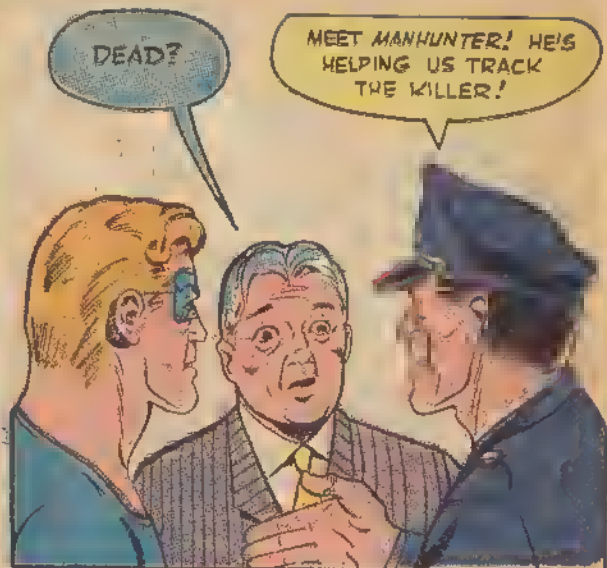
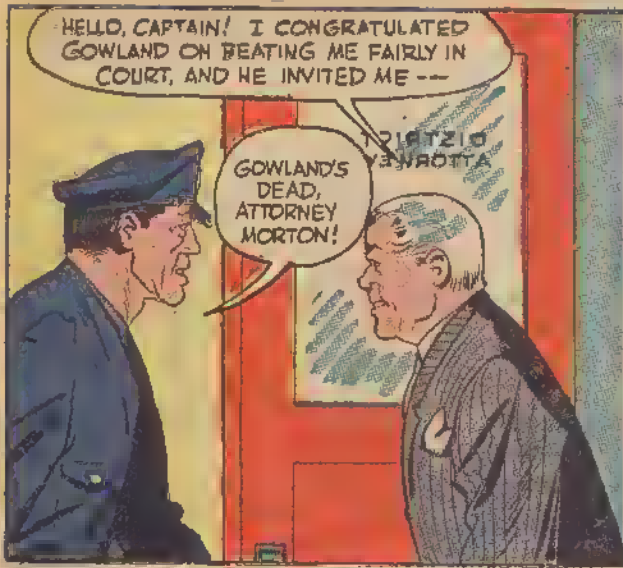


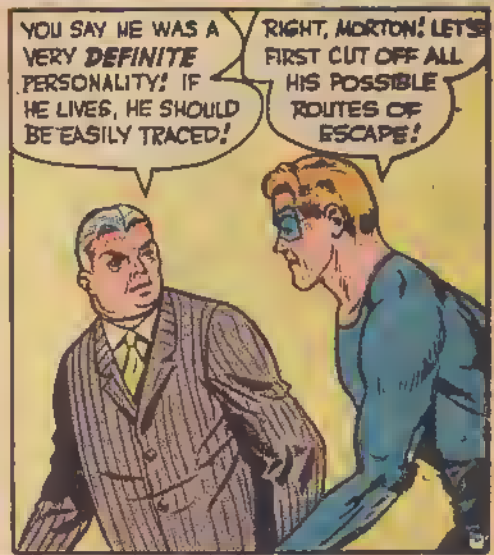
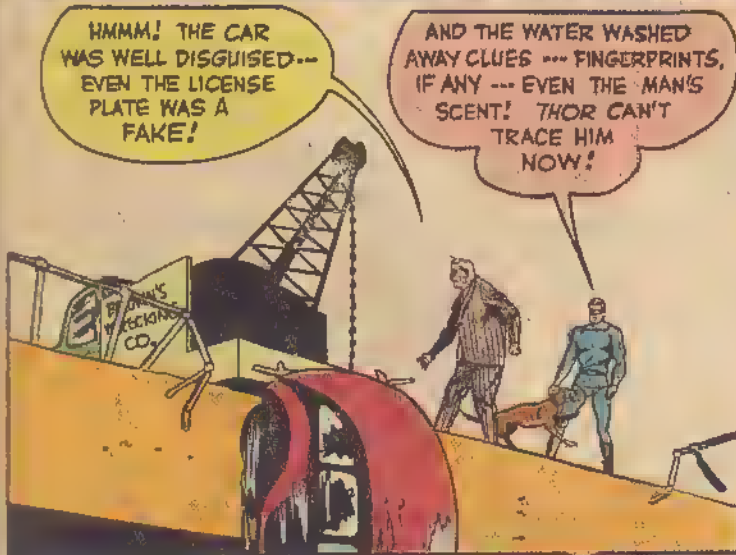
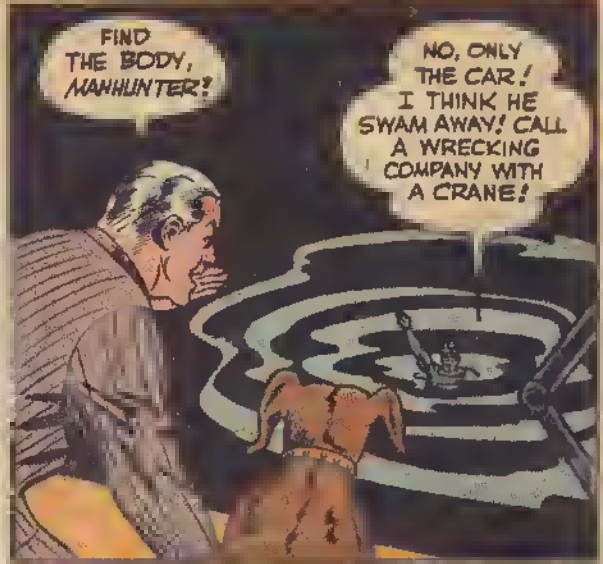
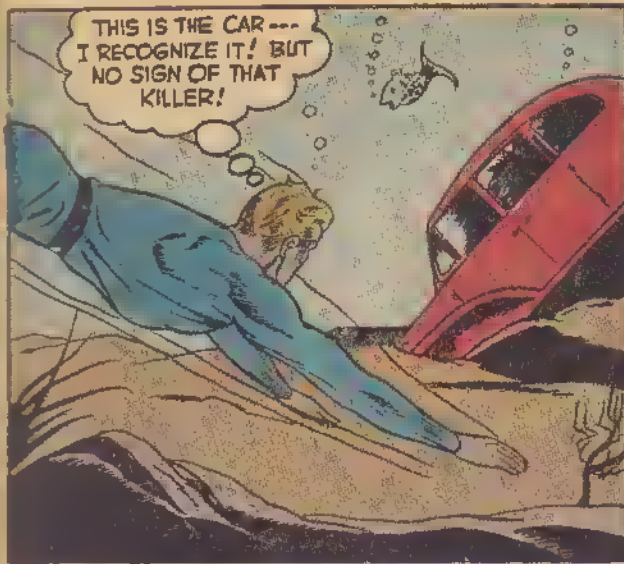
I'M GOWLAND! ALWAYS GLAD TO MEET POLICE EXPERTS!

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I AM NOT POLIZZ EZPERT! I COME TO BRING YOU---

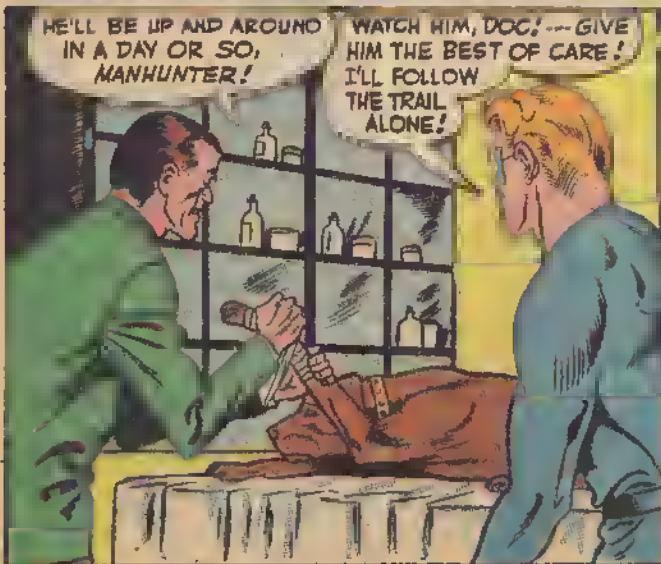
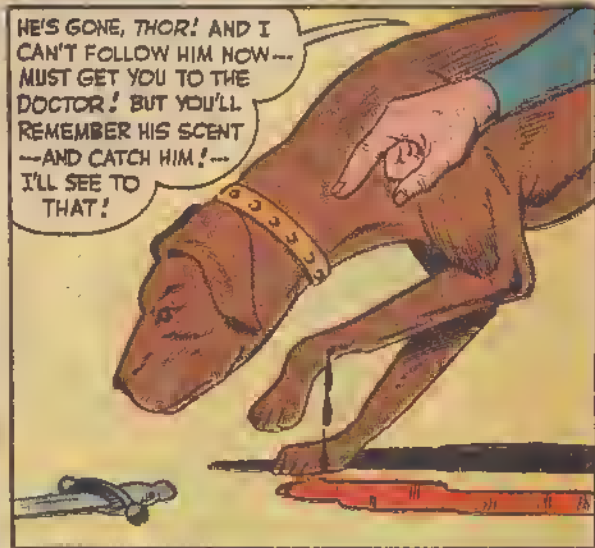
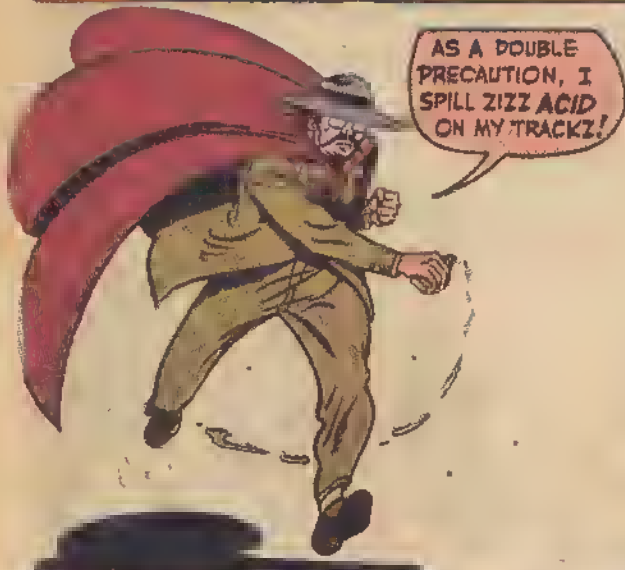








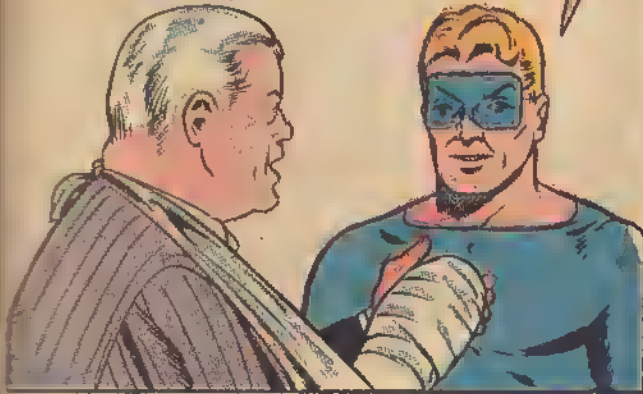




POLICE COMICS

"HE'S AS STRONG AS YOU! GRABBED MY ARM AND ALMOST BROKE IT BEFORE I GOT AWAY! NOW I'LL NEVER QUIT THE TRAIL UNTIL I GET EVEN!"

"NOR WILL I! HE TRIED TO KILL THOR!"



"TRIED, YOU SAY? THEN HE DIDN'T SUCCEED, I HOPE?"

"NO, THOR WILL RECOVER AND TRACK HIM DOWN! THOR REMEMBERS ENEMIES, TOO!"



"YOU'D BETTER KEEP THOR SAFE FROM ANOTHER ATTACK! IF THAT KILLER KNEW WHERE TO FIND HIM---"

"HE'S AT THE MERCY ANIMAL HOSPITAL! I'M KEEP IT A SECRET!"



And then MAN HUNTER leaves Morton, to do a tour of duty as Officer Dan Richards....They plan to meet and confer later that night, but an hour before the time set...



"WHO'S THAT COMING IN THE WINDOW? SPEAK UP, OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!"



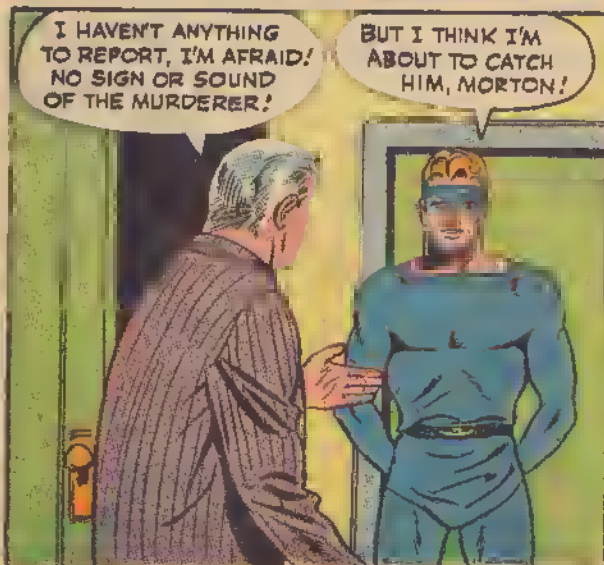
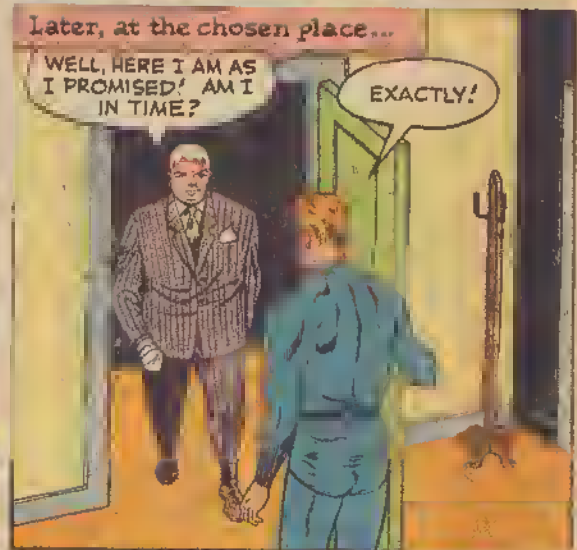
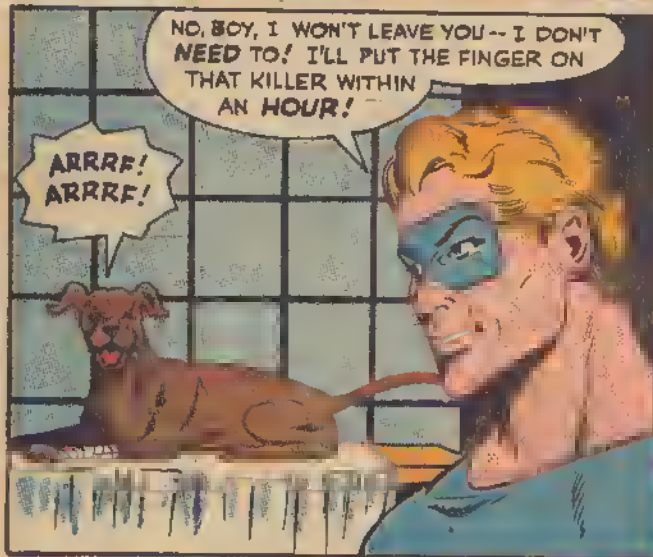
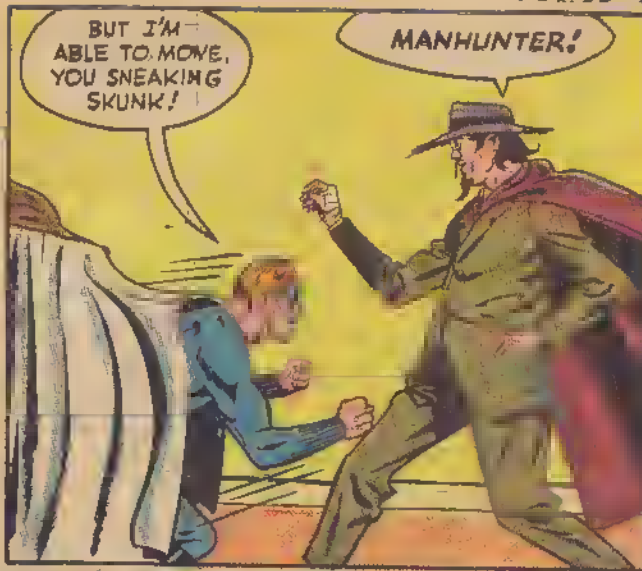
"ZILENZE, FOOL? I HAVE WORK TO DO --- WIZOUT YOUR INTERFERENCE!"



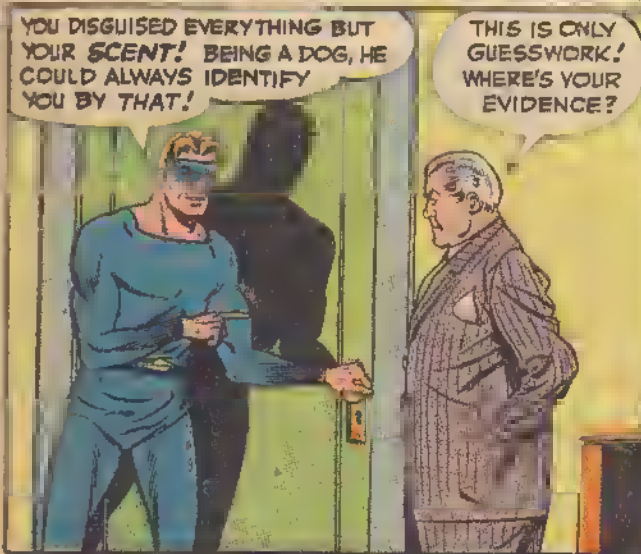
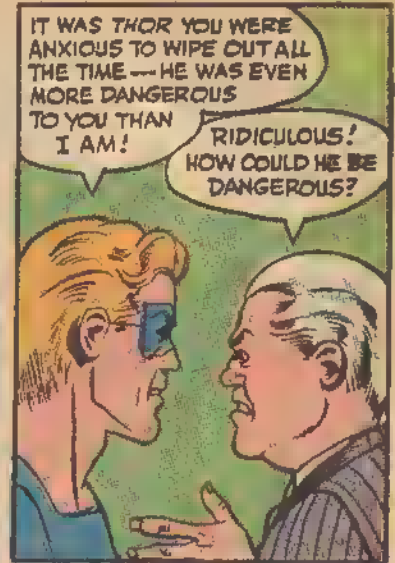
"THOR! UNABLE TO MOVE!"







POLICE COMICS

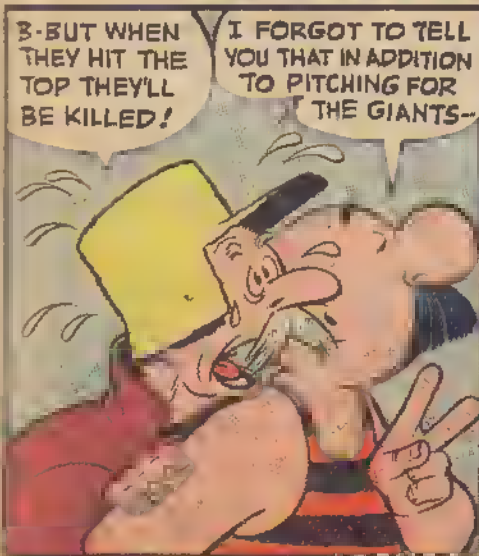
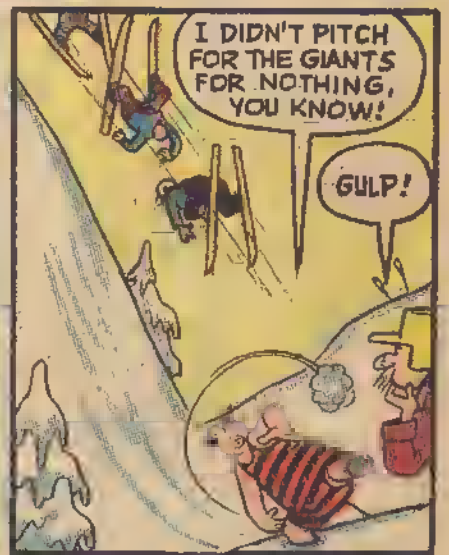
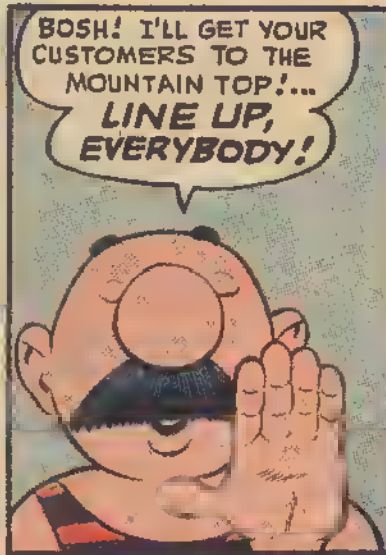
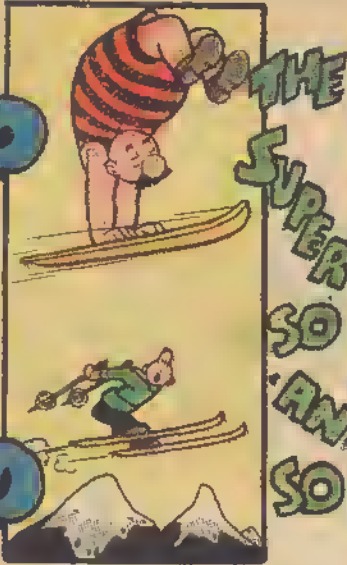




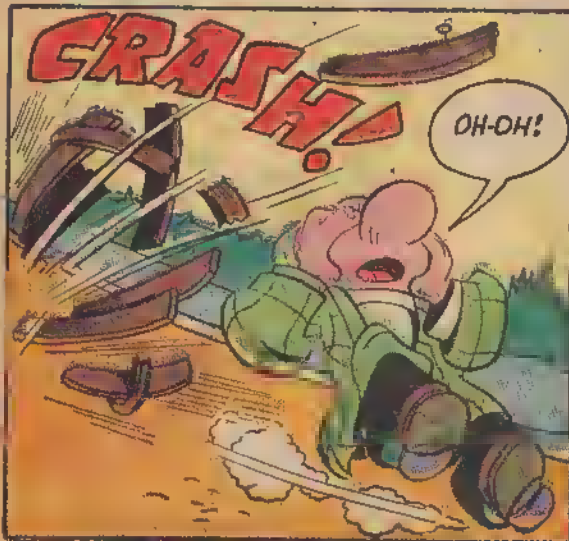
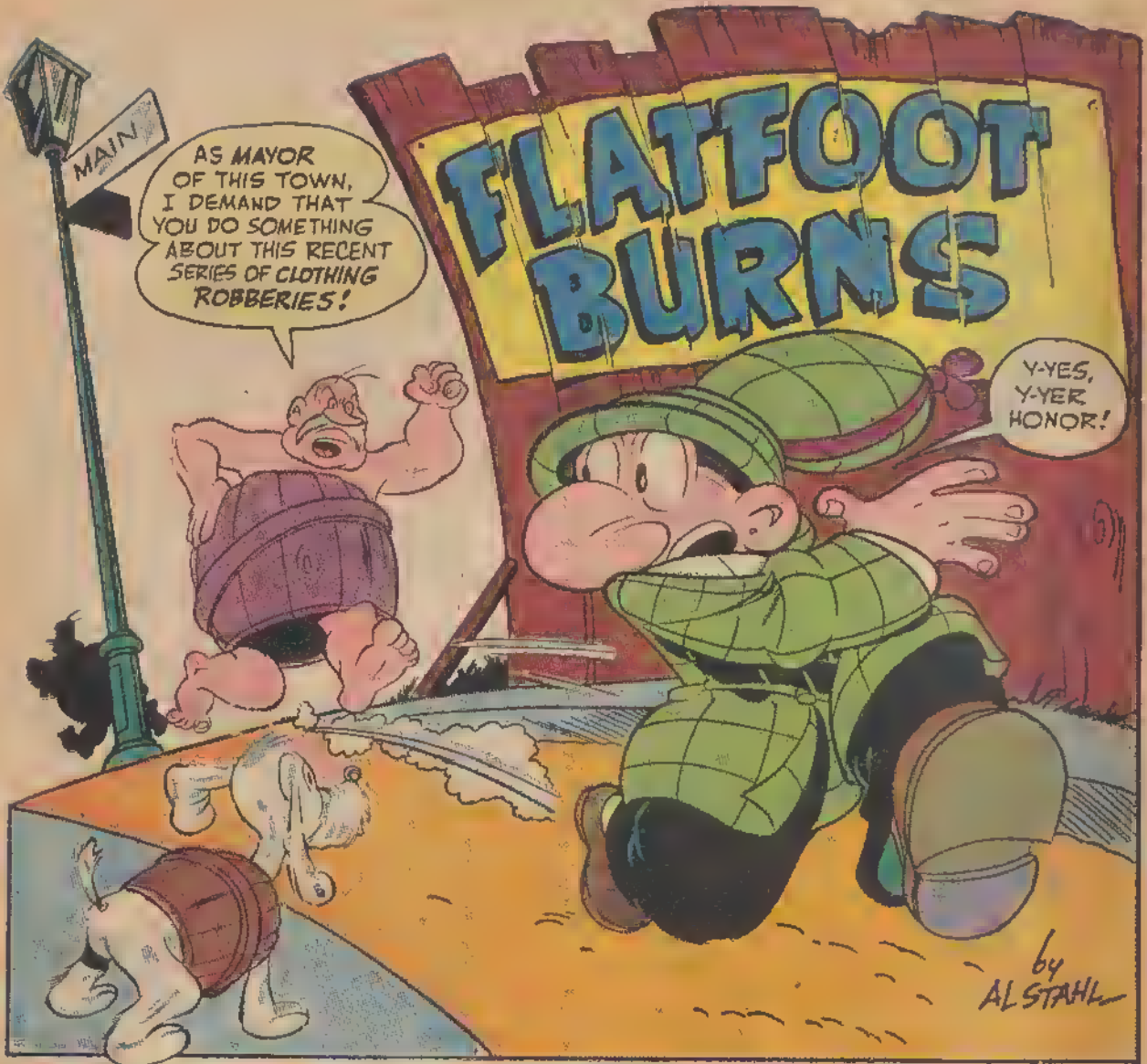


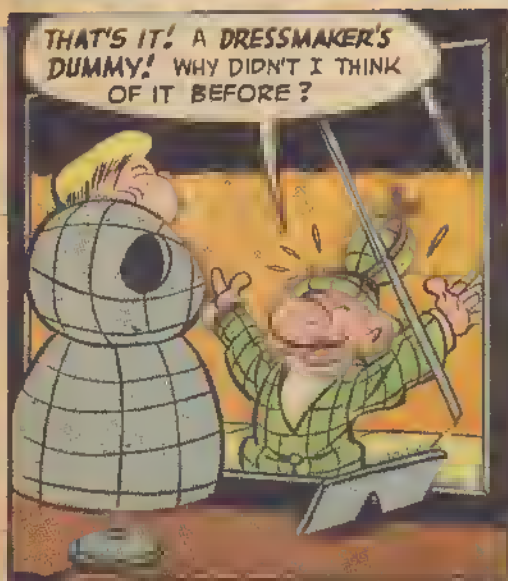
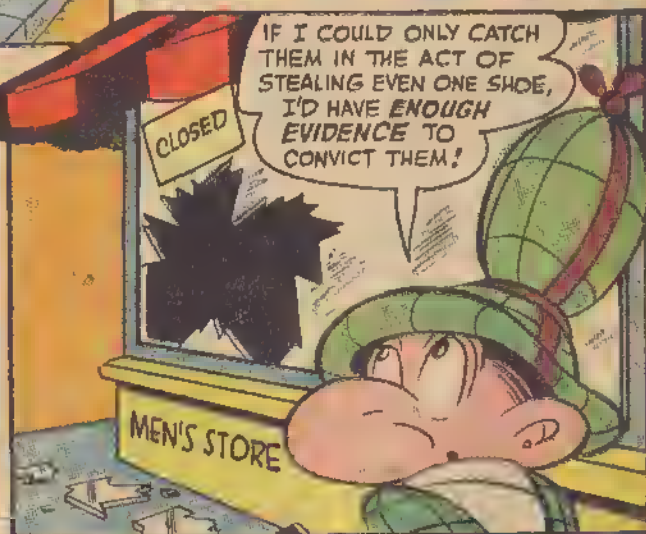
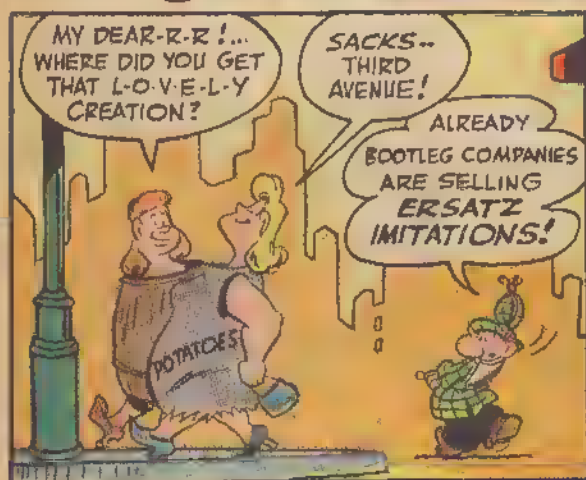
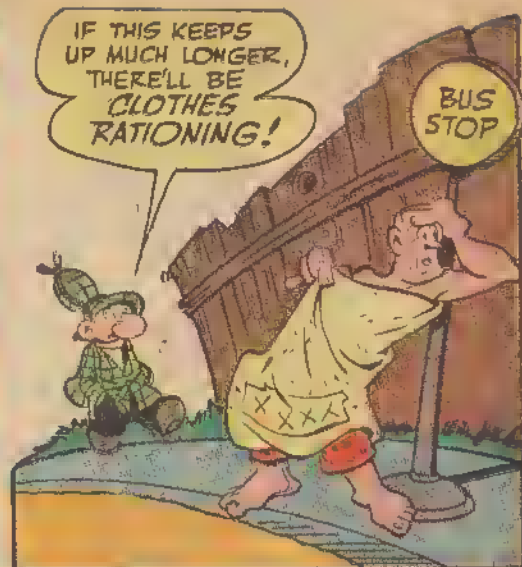
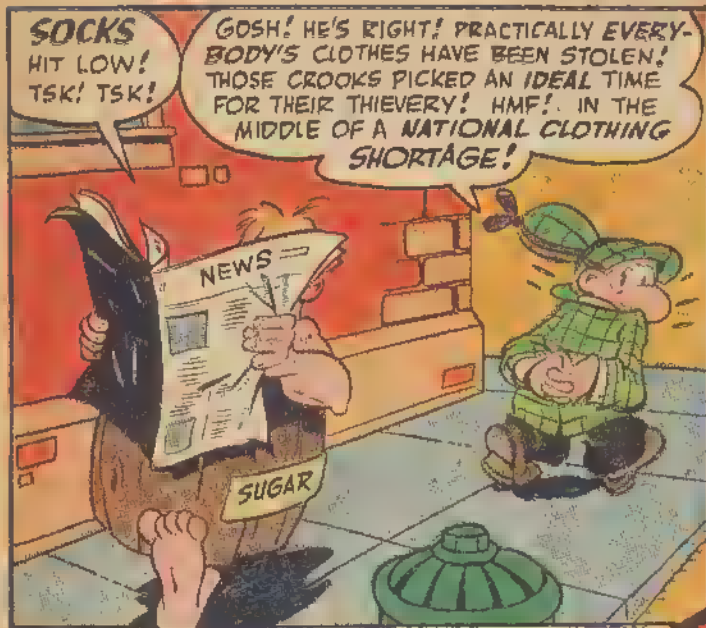
# BURP THE TWERP

by  
RALPH  
JOHNS

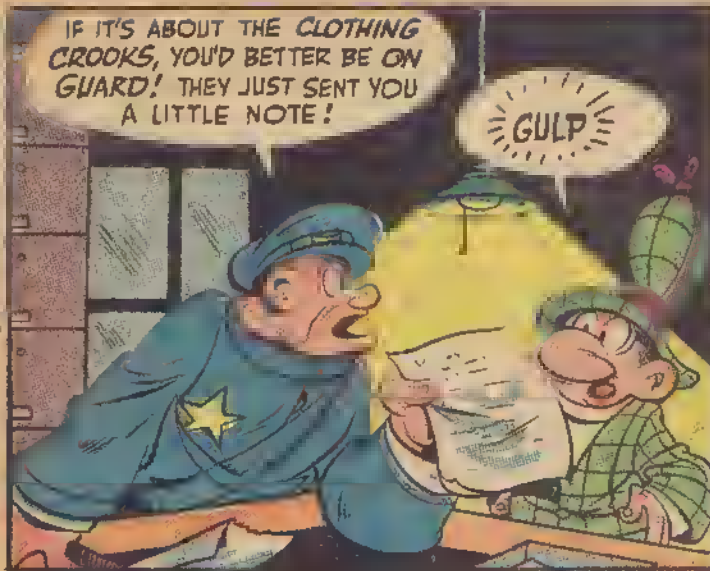




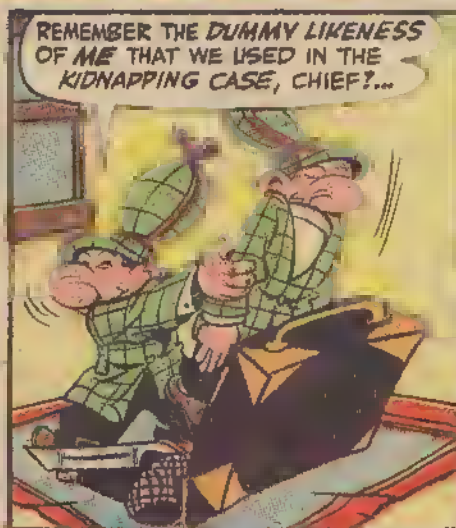


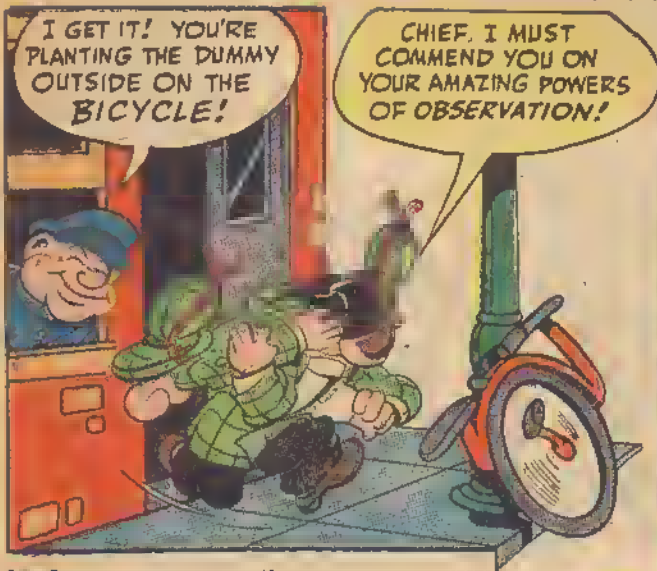




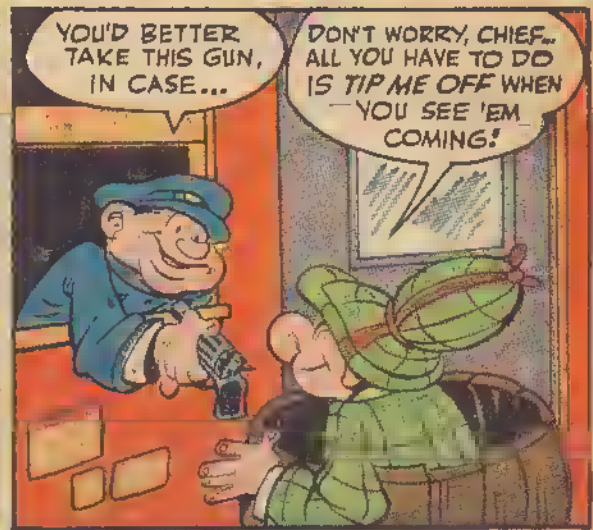
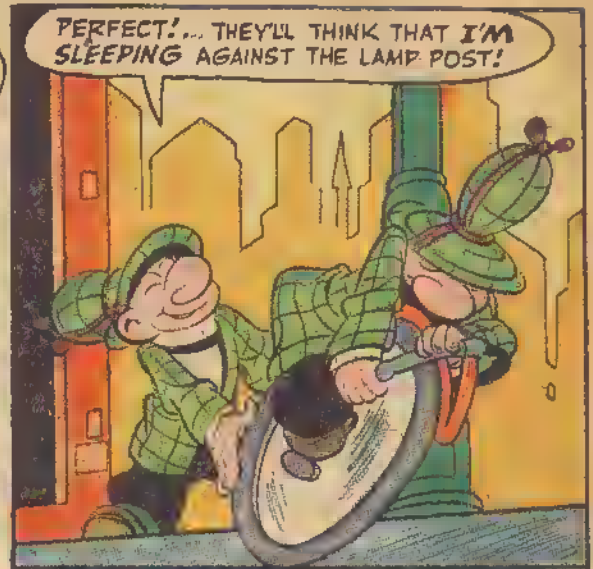


VERY FUNNY! BUT, BY THEIR OWN STUPIDITY, THEY'VE GIVEN ME A THREAD TO THIS CASE!

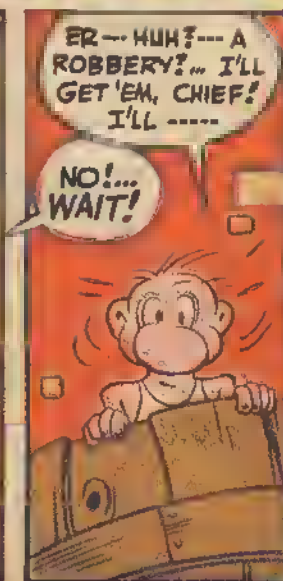
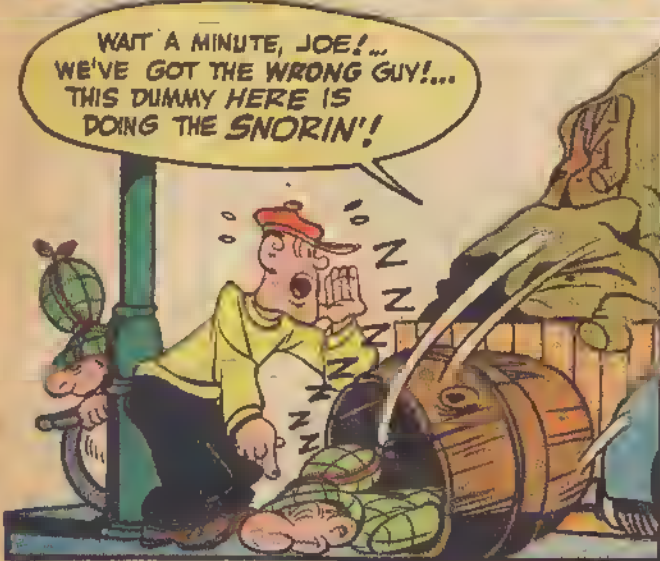
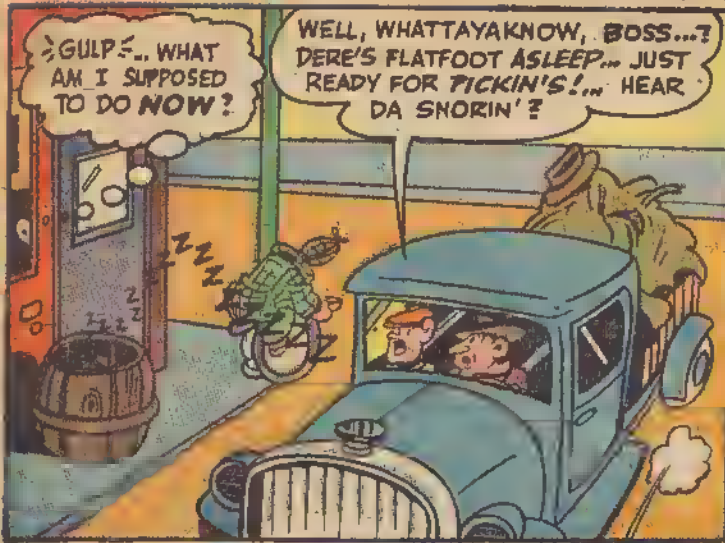


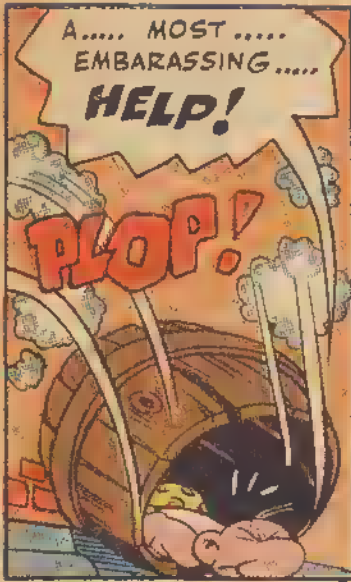


CHIEF, I MUST COMMEND YOU ON YOUR AMAZING POWERS OF OBSERVATION!









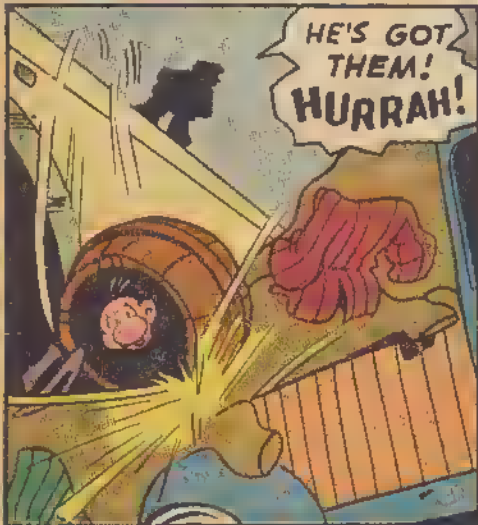
A..... MOST.....  
EMBARRASSING.....  
**HELP!**



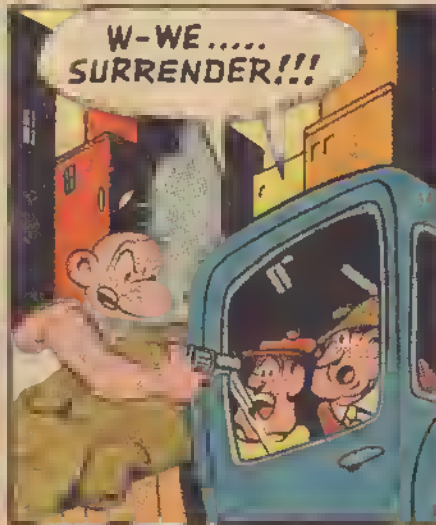
GREAT IDEA,  
FLATFOOT! YOU'RE  
GOING AFTER THE  
CROOKS,  
ANYWAY!



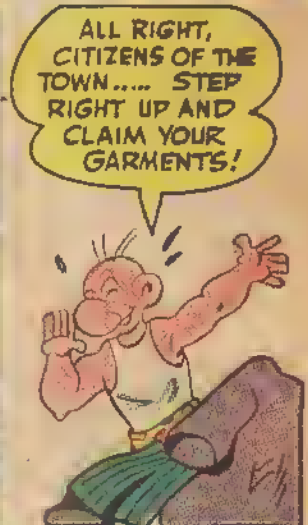
WOW! RIGHT  
INTO THEIR  
**LAP!**



HE'S GOT  
THEM!  
**HURRAH!**



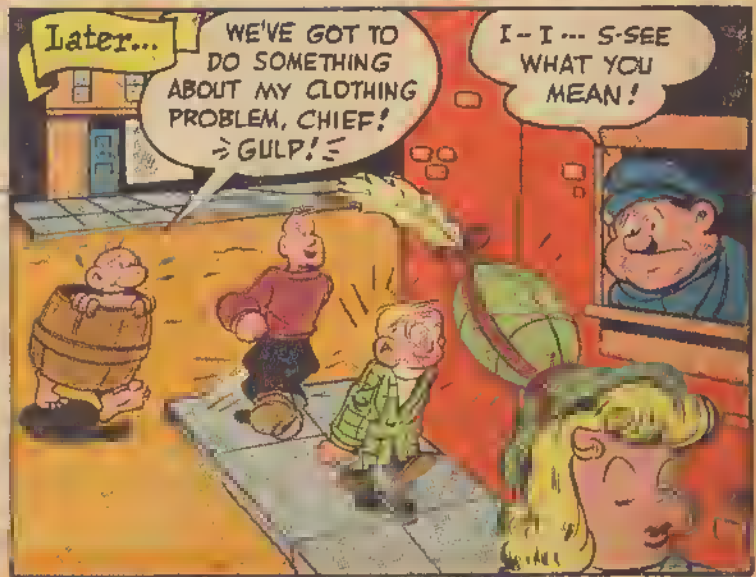
W-WE.....  
**SURRENDER!!!**



ALL RIGHT,  
CITIZENS OF THE  
TOWN..... STEP  
RIGHT UP AND  
CLAIM YOUR  
GARMENTS!



GOSH! WHAT A  
CLOTHES-HUNGRY  
PUBLIC!



Later...

WE'VE GOT TO  
DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT MY CLOTHING  
PROBLEM, CHIEF!  
GULP!

I-- I --- S-SEE  
WHAT YOU  
MEAN!

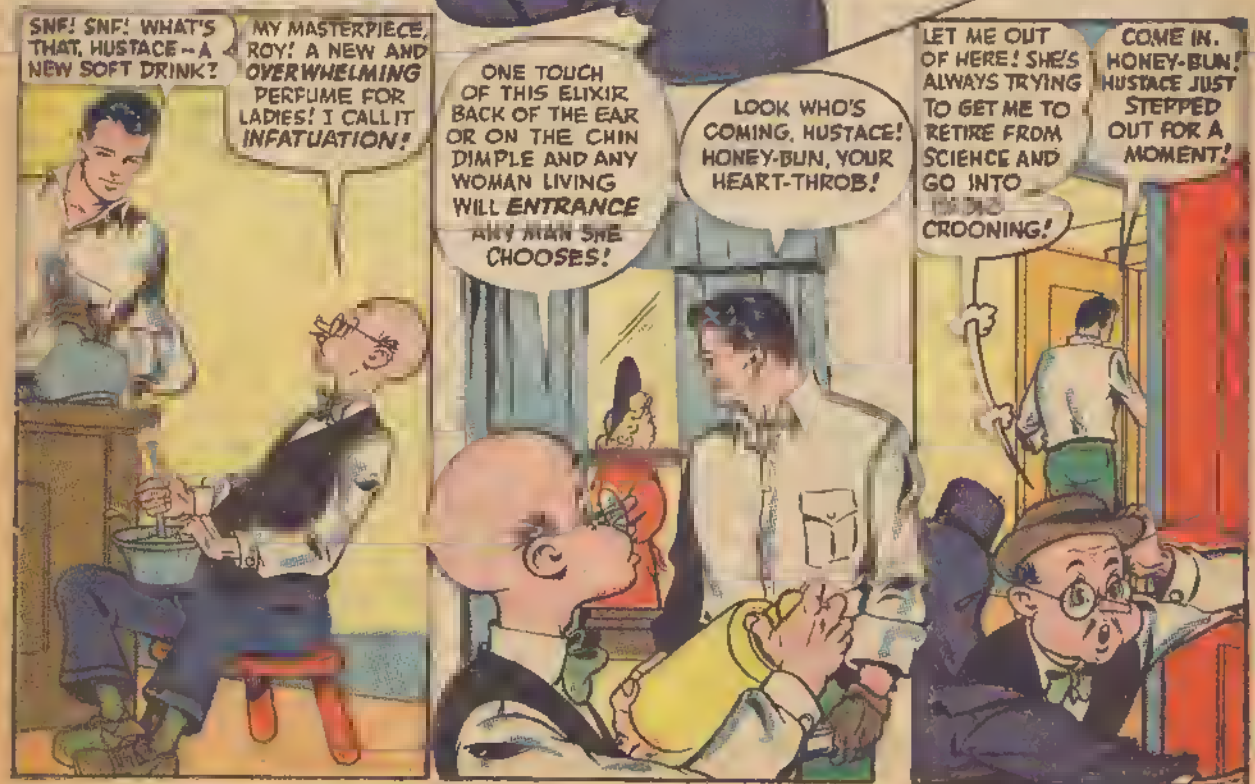


# The HUMAN BOMB

Presenting Hustace Throckmorton, the only one of his kind in the known world ---- glory be!

Never before has so small a brain and body stirred up so gigantic a mess of trouble, day in and day out, week after week, from one year's end to the other ---

Everybody knows Scientist Roy Lincoln who doubles as *The Human Bomb*!



SNE! SNE! WHAT'S THAT, HUSTACE--A NEW SOFT DRINK?

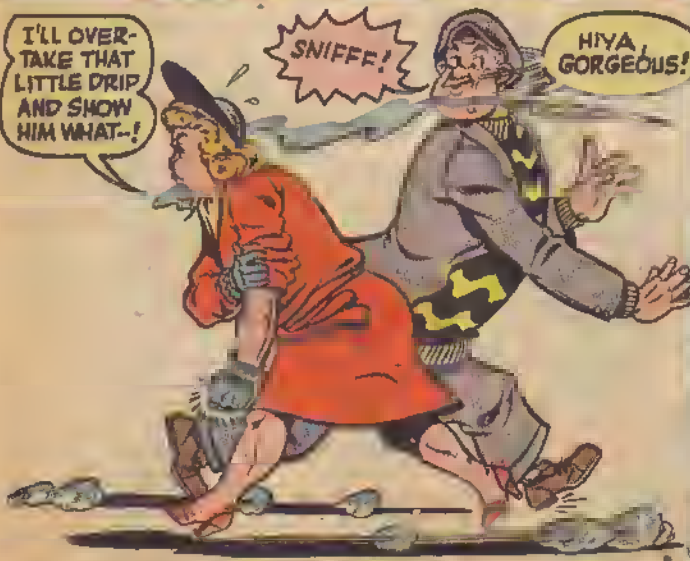
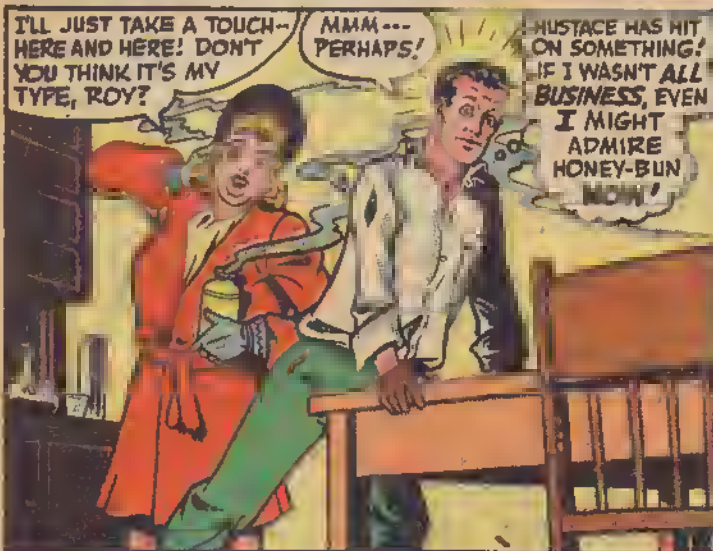
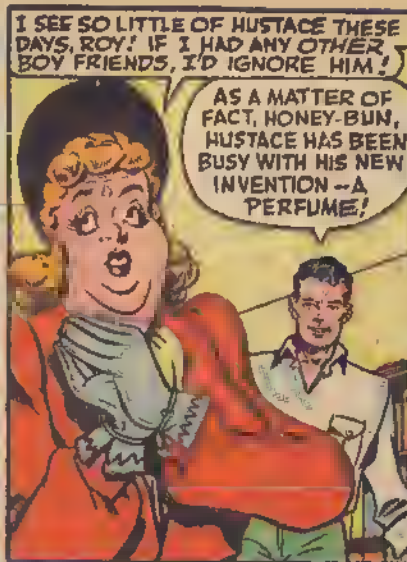
MY MASTERPIECE, ROY! A NEW AND OVERWHELMING PERFUME FOR LADIES! I CALL IT INFATUATION!

ONE TOUCH OF THIS ELIXIR BACK OF THE EAR OR ON THE CHIN DIMPLE AND ANY WOMAN LIVING WILL ENTRANCE ANY MAN SHE CHOOSES!

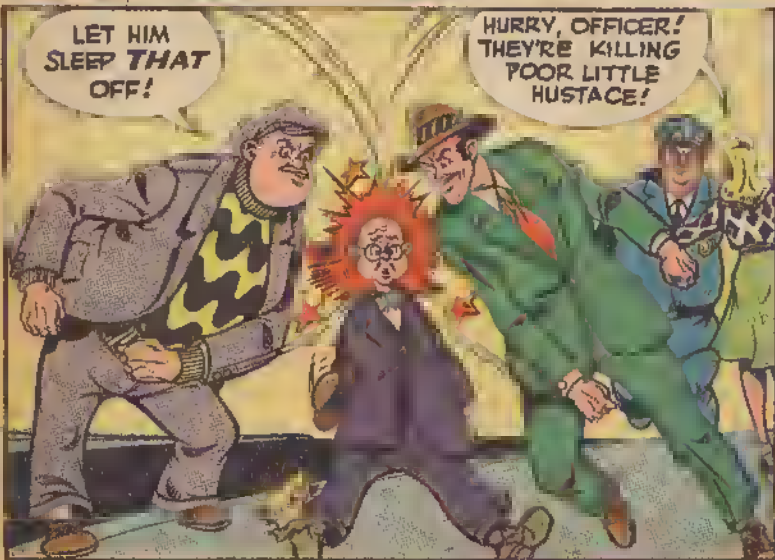
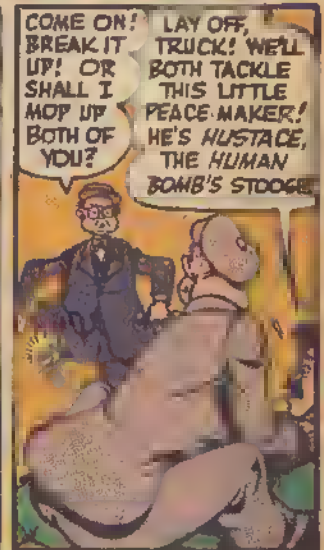
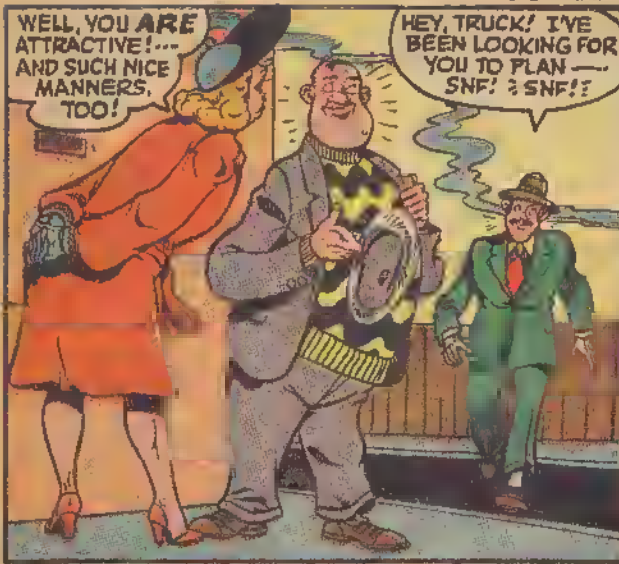
LOOK WHO'S COMING, HUSTACE! HONEY-BUN, YOUR HEART-THROB!

LET ME OUT OF HERE! SHE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO GET ME TO RETIRE FROM SCIENCE AND GO INTO RADIO CROONING!

COME IN, HONEY-BUN! HUSTACE JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A MOMENT!





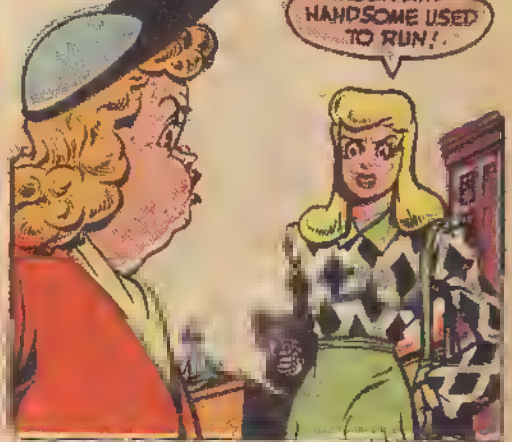
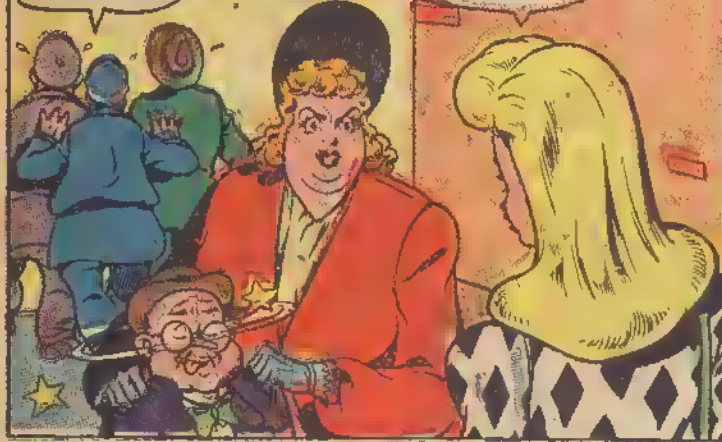


C'MON TO THE SNEEZER, YOU TWO! I GOTTA GET BACK HERE TO THAT DOUBLE DELICIOUS DAME I JUST MET!

YOU'RE HUSTACE'S FORMER GIRL FRIEND? WELL, I'VE JUST TAKEN HIM OVER! I CAN USE THAT BOMB POWER!

A SIREN. HUH? I'LL---

BACK UP, BUXOM! I'M ALSO TAKING OVER THE GANG TERRITORIES THAT TRUCK AND HANDSOME USED TO RUN!



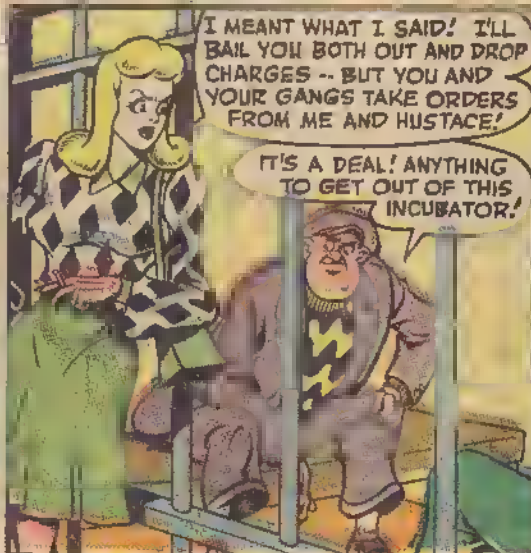
GOODBYE, GOON GIRL! READ THE CRIME NEWS FOR WHAT GOES FROM HERE!

I MEANT WHAT I SAID! I'LL BAIL YOU BOTH OUT AND DROP CHARGES -- BUT YOU AND YOUR GANGS TAKE ORDERS FROM ME AND HUSTACE!

IT'S A DEAL! ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS INCUBATOR!

OH, POOR HUSTACE! I MUST GET HELP-- ROY LINCOLN!

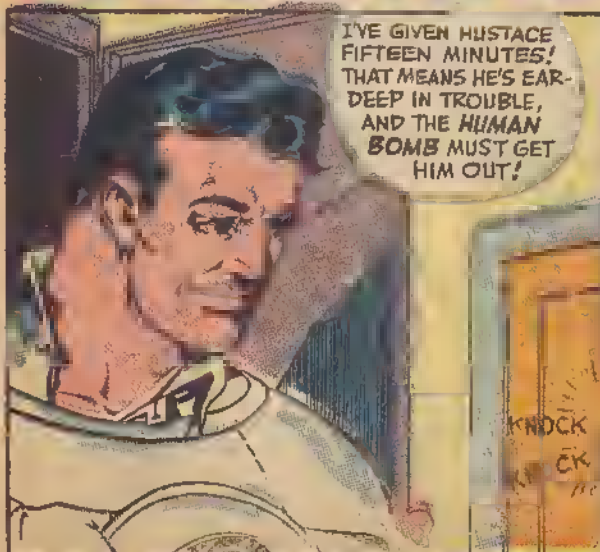
LINCOLN & THE COMBAT CREW



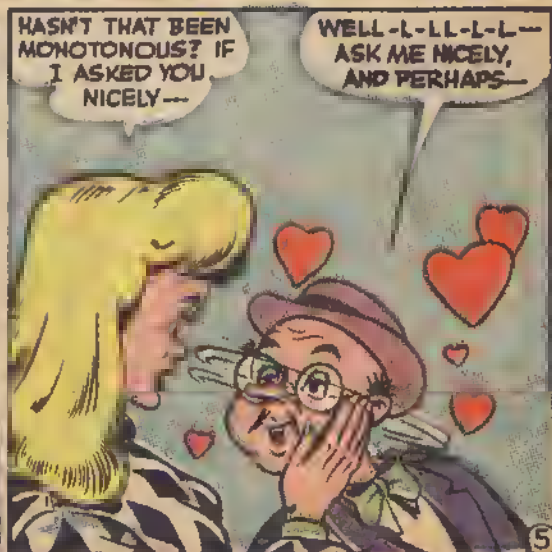
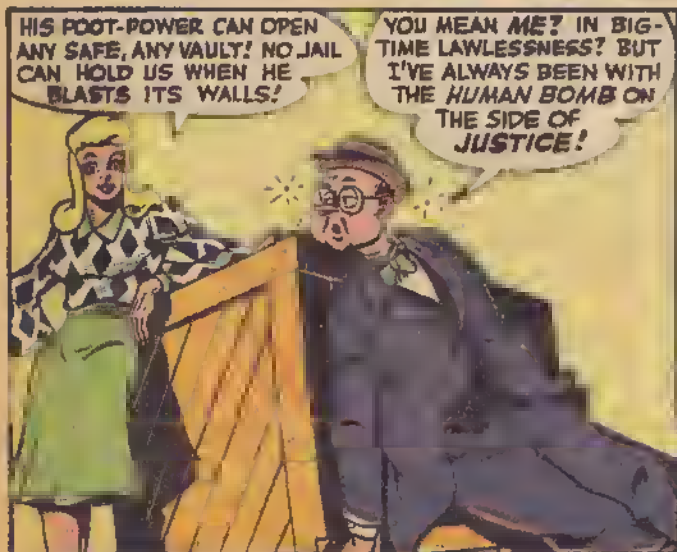
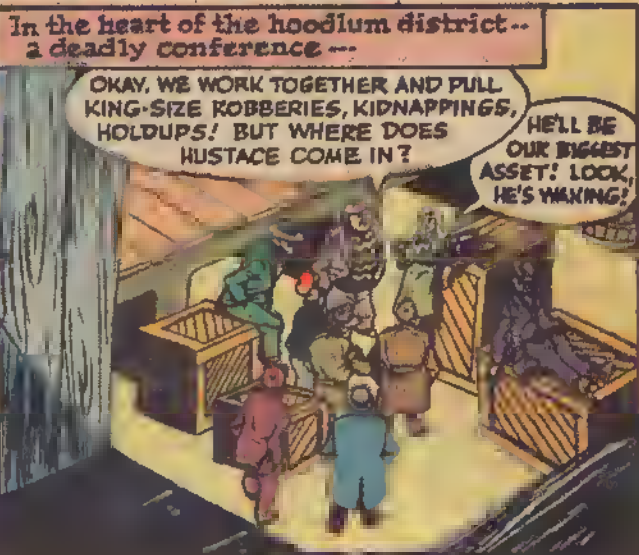
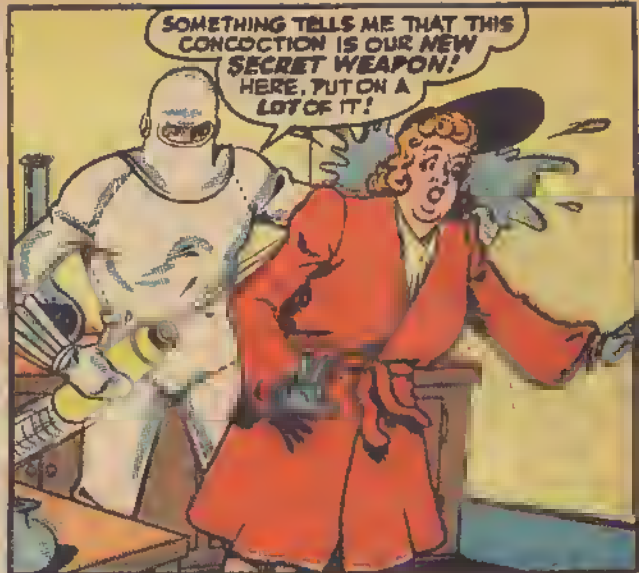
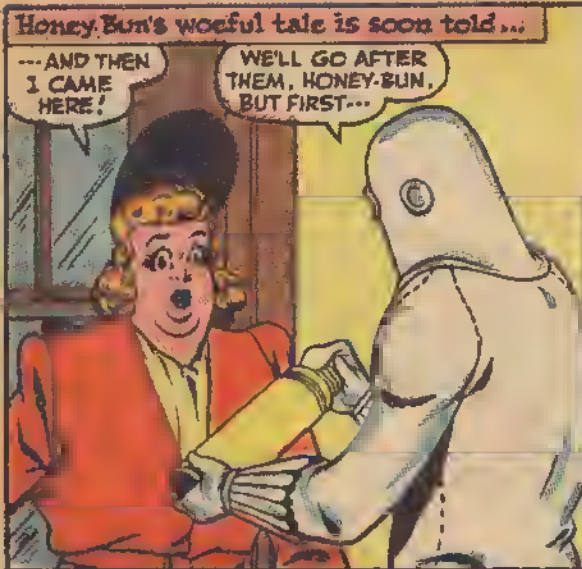
I'VE GIVEN HUSTACE FIFTEEN MINUTES! THAT MEANS HE'S EAR-DEEP IN TROUBLE, AND THE HUMAN BOMB MUST GET HIM OUT!

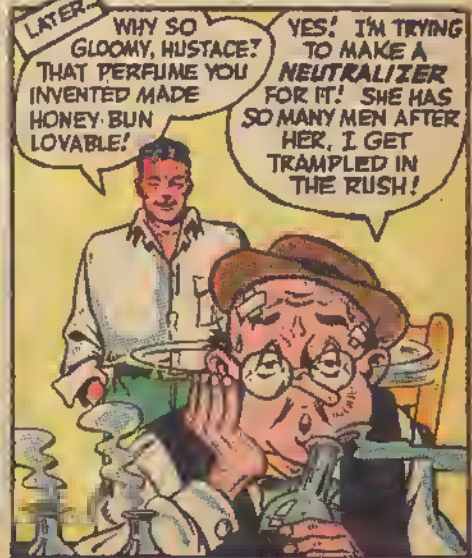
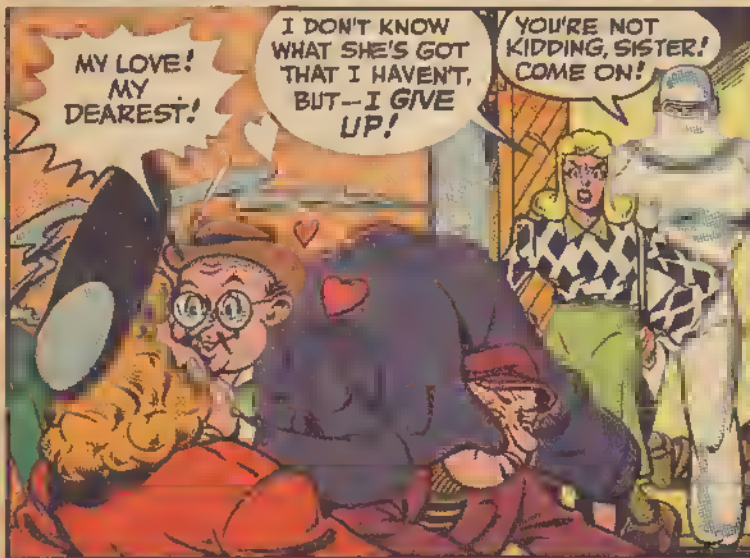
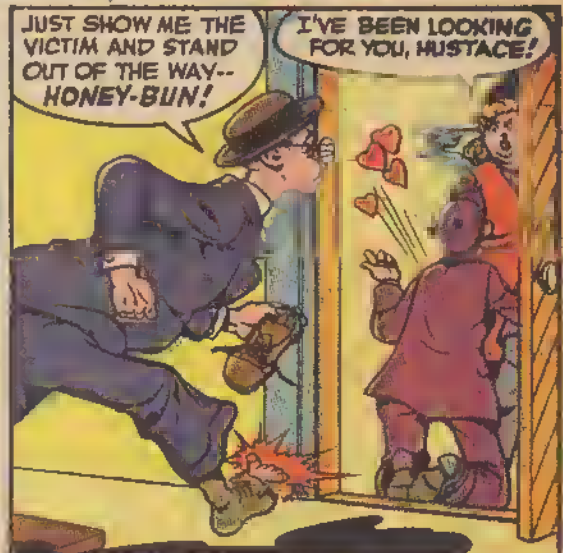
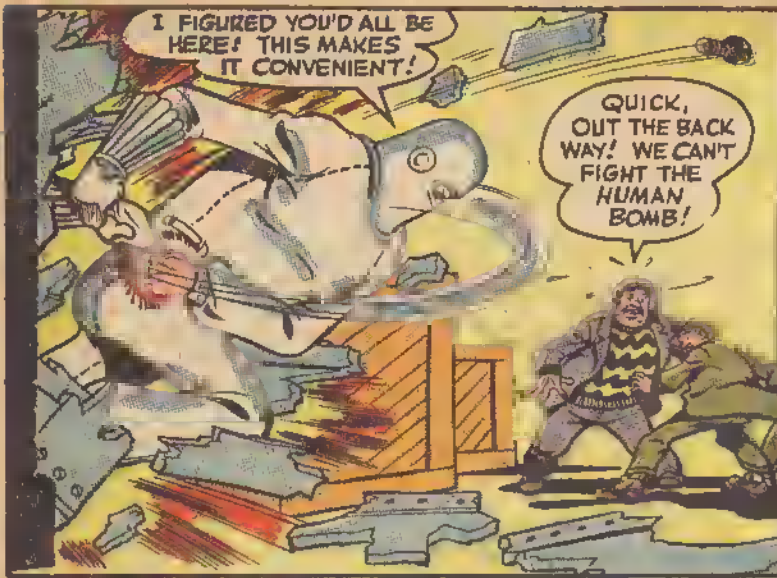
THE HUMAN BOMB! I WANTED ROY LINCOLN TO HELP ME!--

ROY'S GONE OUT, BUT I CAN GUESS WHO'S IN TROUBLE-- HUSTACE!











# HAUNTED THEATRE

AS the curtain came down on the last act, everybody backstage and many in the front rows of the audience heard the scream. It was a woman's shriek of agony and it quivered in the hushed air like an animal cry.

Huff, the stage director, ran from his cubby office and along the catwalk to the hall where the stars' private dressing rooms were located. He listened at each of the five doors, but heard nothing except a scratchy phonograph record of The Missouri Waltz.

Who had screamed? Huff pondered. He saw some stage carpenters talking in quiet tones and he put the question to them. No, they didn't know who had screamed.

"It wasn't Stella, I know that," said Briggs, chief electrician. "She couldn't yell that loud if her life depended upon it. Must've been old Pansy."

Old Pansy was a has-been of ancient vintage who haunted the theatre and talked about the "days that used to be, when I was a star." Harmless, doddering old Pansy.

"Who screamed?" Huff asked Pansy when he saw her coming along the corridor from the Deacon's dressing room.

"I dunno," said Pansy. "Not me."

It developed that nobody had screamed. At least no one would admit having screamed when Huff at last had made the rounds asking questions of everyone.

"I don't get it," he said. "Someone let out a war whoop. Someone back here. Now who was it and what for?"

But Huff didn't find out. The next evening, just as the last curtain was rung down, that chilling scream rang out again.

Everyone backstage looked at everyone else. It happened that they were all together, so it was impossible that any one of them had screamed.

Huff was there looking frightened. "What is this?" he demanded. "Is the theatre haunted?"

"'The Haunted Theatre'—good title for a thriller," said Larkin, the leading man. "Maybe I'll write it."

"Whodunnit?" Huff glared around. "That's what I want to know—whodunnit?"

It made the headlines the next day. Some newshawk had got wind of the mysterious scream at the last curtain and made a big play of it, even to using Larkin's title. At first the producer and Huff raved about the publicity, then they discovered that the theatre was a sell-out that evening.

As the curtain came down on the final act, the scream tore through the quiet backstage area. The cast looked at each other, this time with a glimmer of fear in their faces. What was this? Nobody was making the sound, and yet there it was, every last curtain.

Huff was at his wits' end. He called up the police and they sent a couple of plainclothes men to watch things backstage. For two nights they found nothing, although the scream always shattered the quiet after the final curtain. They left at the end of a two-day vigil, scratching their heads.

"The darn opray's haunted," was their explanation of the mysterious occurrence.

It's funny how such things work on the human mind. At first, no one paid much attention to the scream. But people cannot go on letting a thing like

that continue without finding out what made it tick.

If you're a student of psychology, you'll know just what reactions take place because of such a dilemma. At times, people do not react as expected. Fear is a strange emotion. Those screams had caused several in the cast to fear—something. They didn't know what. Just something unknown. That is the worst form of fear!

Larkin reacted first. Casually he told the director of the show that he was cancelling his contract and taking a new job with another cast. Naturally, the director threw a fit. Where would he get another man to take the lead's place? Larkin named somebody. The director named a higher figure if Larkin would reconsider.

Larkin wouldn't. He left.

The screams went on for two more nights. Then the leading lady announced her intention of quitting to take a new job. The director tore his hair. His show would fall to pieces. They were treating him shabbily. He would not stand for such treatment. He'd have them all blacklisted.

But the leading lady left nonetheless.

The two understudies the director put into the show didn't turn out well. The critics panned. What had happened to the old theatre? Was the haunt causing all the trouble?

The newspapers had a field day. And three more of the cast quit in alarm. But still the scream was heard at the end of each day's final.

The show folded.

Brandt was a hard man. He had operated shows for a quarter-century and knew everything there was to know about

the theatre business. The scream didn't worry him a bit. He opened to a fair house with a good play. The critics gave it nice notices and the crowds increased.

At the end of the last curtain, a scream tore through the heavy, tense air backstage. Brandt said, "What was that?" and called everybody to him.

"Now listen," he said. "I've heard all about this ghostly scream. I'm having none of it. Someone had it in for old Brandon; wanted his show to collapse. I'm not Brandon, see. So whoever's doing the scream act, turn it off!"

Everybody assured Brandt that the scream had not emanated from him or her. They too had heard about the scream and Brandon's show folding because of it—or at least the principals leaving because of it. They didn't like it; show people are notoriously superstitious.

The next night the scream came again. Brandt swore and stamped his feet. "This has got to stop!" he yelled.

His leading lady fainted. She knew about that scream. It had 'got' her. Upon coming to her senses, she swore that she would not go on if the scream was heard again.

Brandt called upon an old friend who happened to be in the city—Dick Mace. Would Dick come over and take a look around? Dick would and did.

That night, just as the last curtain fell, a blood-curdling shriek ripped through the expectant silence backstage. The leading lady promptly fainted again, and they carried her into her dressing room. She was "through" when smelling salts revived her. She began packing.

Brandt cursed and stalked back and forth. No, he wouldn't let his show fold because of some foolishness. Dick HAD to find the cause of the scream!

"I'll do my best," he assured the show operator.

Dick ferreted through every room backstage. The sound as he heard it had seemed to emanate from a certain area in the neighborhood of the prop room. He found nothing there that could have produced the sound. The regular prop man had been far distant when the scream came.

Dick was in a muddle when the next night rolled around. He had searched the entire theatre, finding nothing that could have done a mechanical scream; certainly it was no one in the troupe!

As the final curtain came down, the scream came. Brandt's leading lady already gone—quit. Her last act came just before the curtain, and tonight she refused to make a curtain call. So Brandt was in need of a new lead for tomorrow.

Two of Brandt's cast asked for their full pay that night. They admitted that the scream had got them. No, they were not frightened, just taking no chances with something that couldn't be explained.

"But it can be explained," railed Brandt. "Listen, I have the best detective in the country working on the thing. Stick until he finds the answer, which will be soon, I promise you."

No dice. The two left. And now Brandt was in need of three people. And good show people were scarce.

"Well, how about it?" he asked Dick on the morning of the third day. "Find anything?"

"Not certain," said Dick. "But I've got a good lead. Give me until tonight and I think I'll have something for you."

"If you don't, we're all ruined," said Brandt.

Dick was talking with the old stage doorman early that same afternoon. The old man was quiet, almost morose. He took careful opening up. Dick worked on him. Yes, he had once had aspirations to be a playwright, then an actor. Noth-

ing had come of these things.

Dick could see that the man was embittered. He noticed the small photograph in the old man's tiny office. He motioned toward it.

"My only company," explained the doorman. "I like to play the classics."

That night Dick was not far from the doorman's office, hidden in a pile of drapes. The old man had the phonograph going, playing recordings of the good classics. Dick looked at his watch. The last curtain would come at 11:45. It was now 11:40.

He heard the rull rumble of applause up above. That would be the last act and curtain. The old man got up and went to his phonograph. Dick heard the shrill scream peal out. He rushed from his pile of drapes and burst into the small office.

"Hold it!" he cried. He grabbed the old man's wrist as he went for a gun in his pocket. "I figured you were behind this," said Dick. "Bitter against all plays and people who play in them because of your sour experience. Where is the amplifier?"

The old man slumped into a chair. Hate showed in his narrow eyes. "So what?" he demanded. "So I did hate 'em. I still do. I'll always hate all of them!"

"The amplifier," reminded Dick.

"In the prop room, under a picture on the west wall," the old man explained. "How did you guess I was doing it?"

"Easy," Dick replied. "I knew from the start—or at least as soon as I heard you say you once wanted to be a playwright and then an actor."

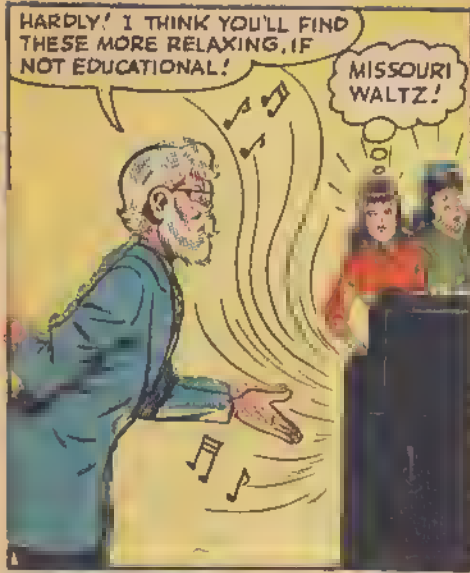
The old man nodded dreamily. "A playwright! An actor! I could have been—wonderful, magnificent! But they didn't think so. They wouldn't give me a chance. . . ."

Dick left him mumbling to himself. The irony of fate. He felt sorry for the old man.





POLICE COMICS

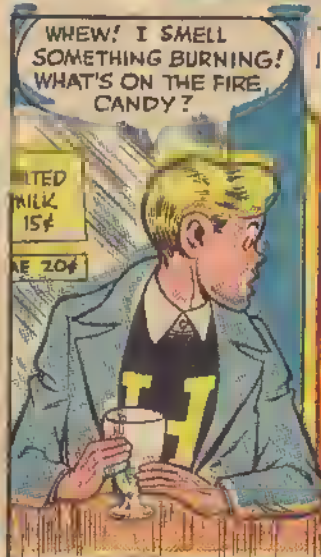


MISSOURI WALTZ!

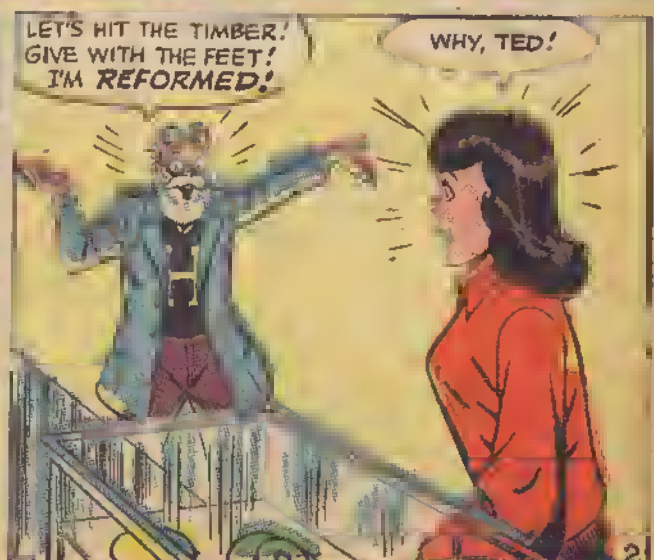
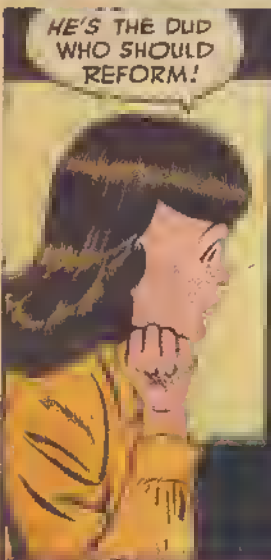
YOU SEE, PRINCIPAL GILLIS AND THE PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION ARE NOT AT ALL PLEASED WITH THIS—THIS JIVE ROUTINE—SO I HAVE BEEN APPOINTED STUDENTS' ADVISOR!



AND NOT ONLY THAT—BUT I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A FEW CHANGES IN—ER—ATTIRE!



PLENTY, TED! SISSY BOTTOMLY IS PUTTING THE BRAKES ON US! HE'S GOING TO TURN US INTO A DAISY CHAIN GANG!

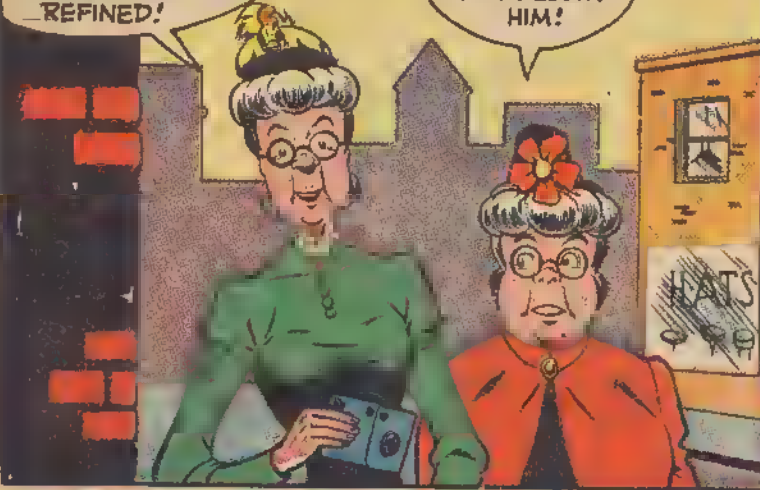




POLICE COMICS

I'M SURE MR. BOTTOMLY IS THE ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM! HE'S SO REFINED!

BUT, LYDIA, THE CHILDREN MAY RESENT HIM!



HURRAY FOR BOTTOMLY!

I DON'T THINK SO! LISTEN TO THAT!

ICE CREAM



COME ON, CLARENCE! MAKE WITH THE FEET!

YAAHOOOOO!



OF ALL THE OUTRAGEOUS PERFORMANCES! SOMEBODY IS GOING TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!

HOW DO YOU DO, LADIES! I HAVE A REPORT TO MAKE!



I'VE STARTED MY CAMPAIGN! I THINK THE STUDENTS APPROVE!

YES, I'M SURE THEY DO!



BUT WE DON'T!

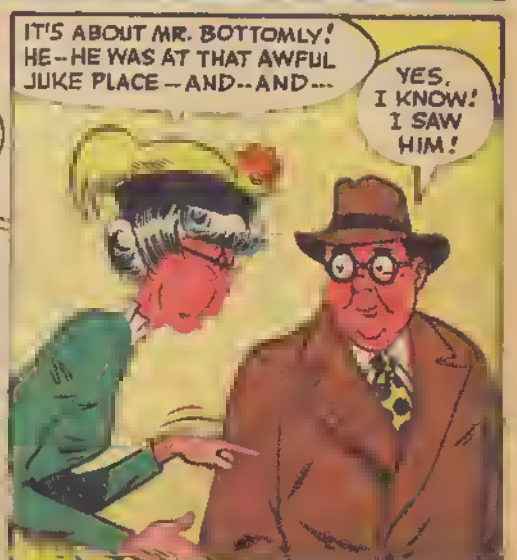
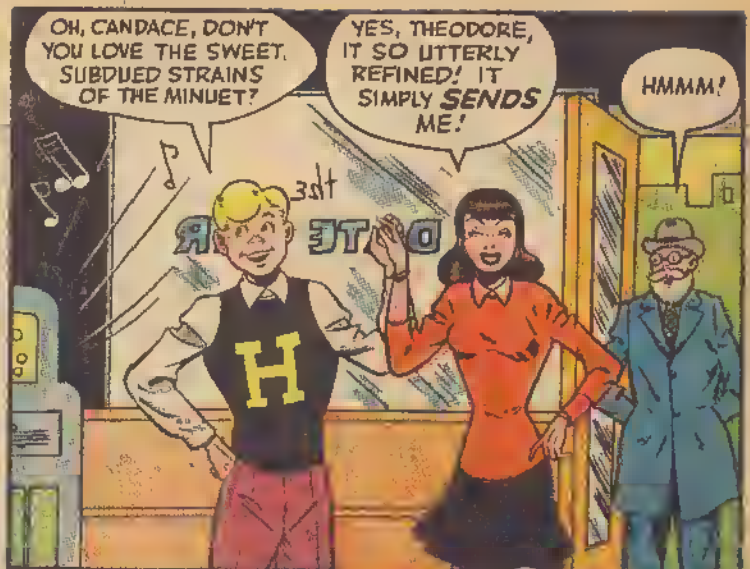
HYPOCRITE!



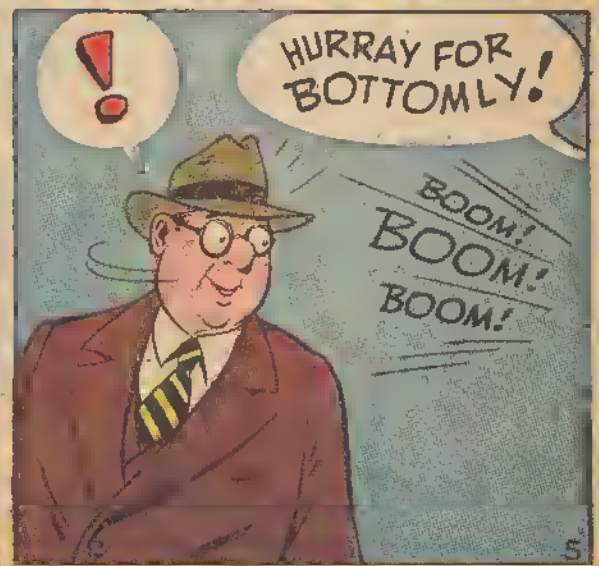
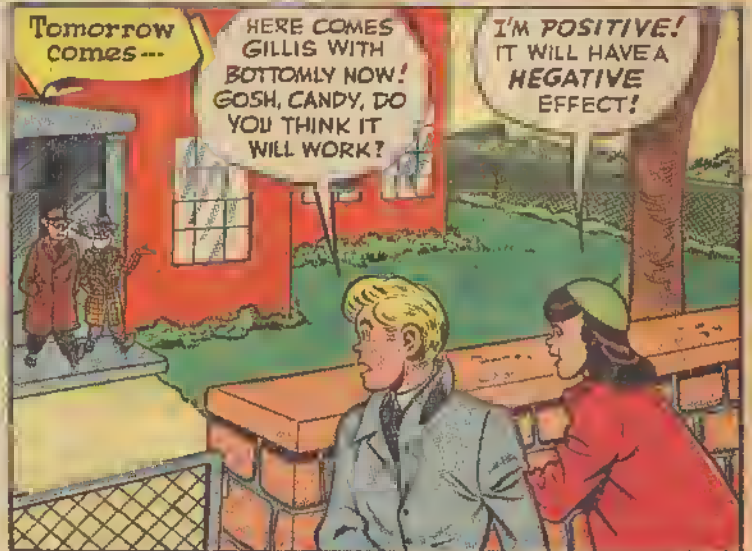
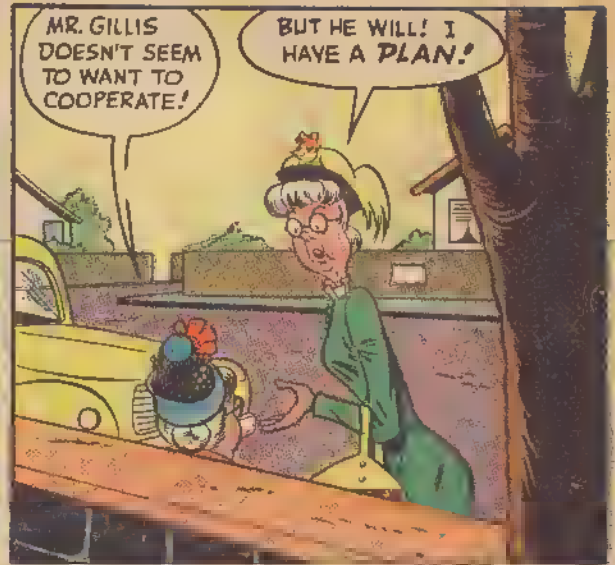
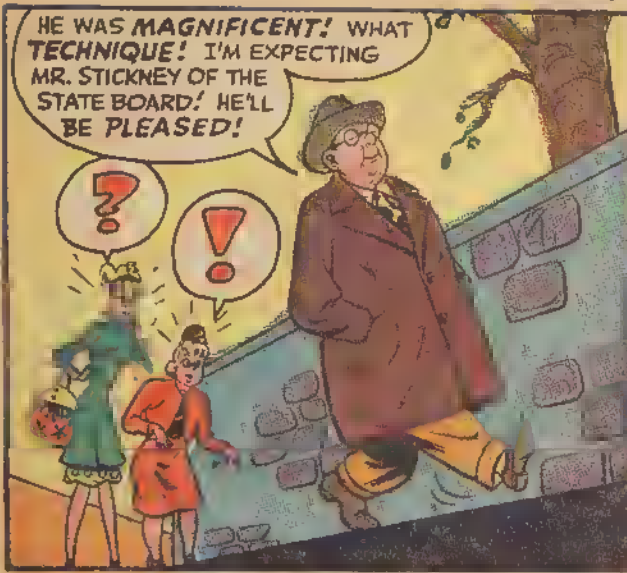
SOMETHING IS DEFINITELY WRONG AND I THINK I SHALL INVESTIGATE!

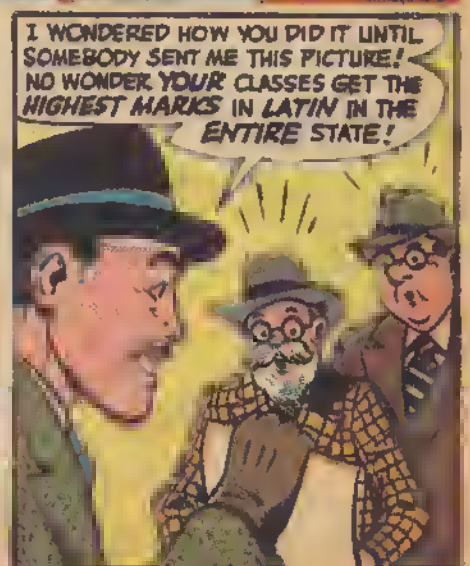
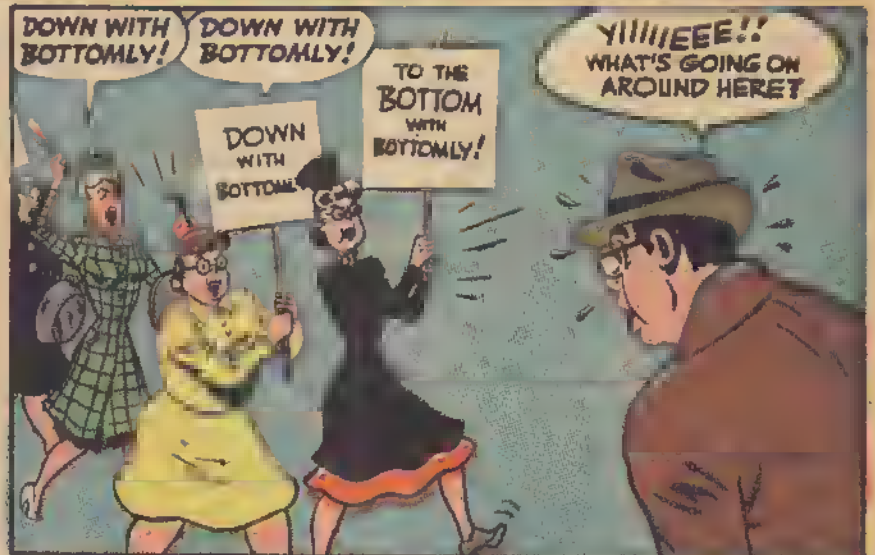
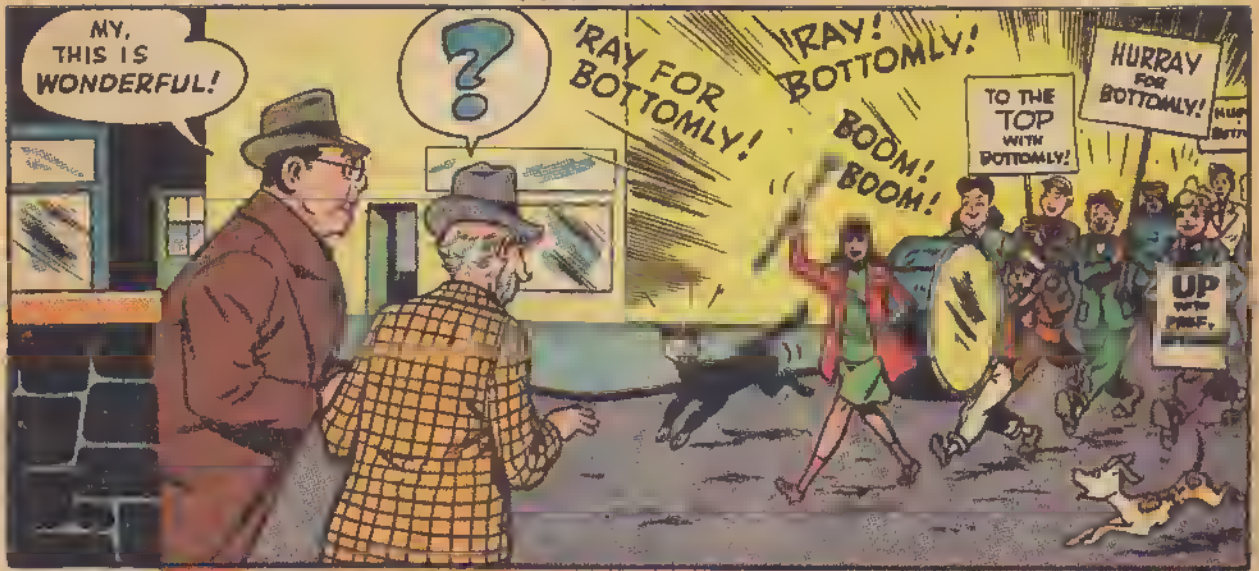


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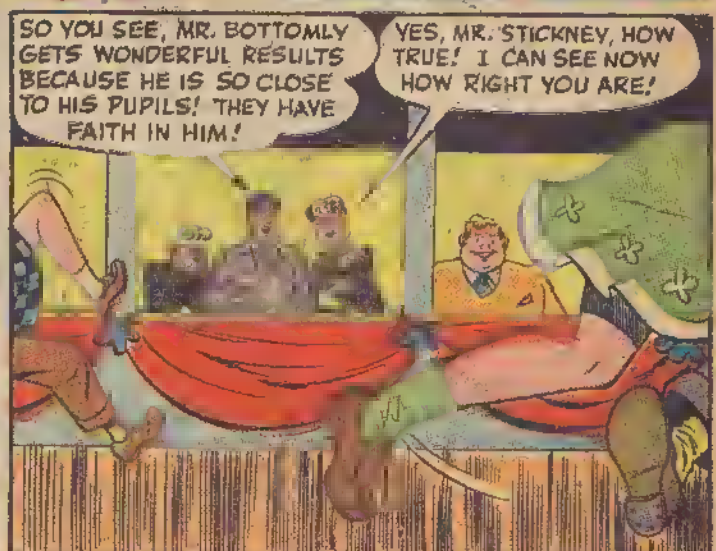












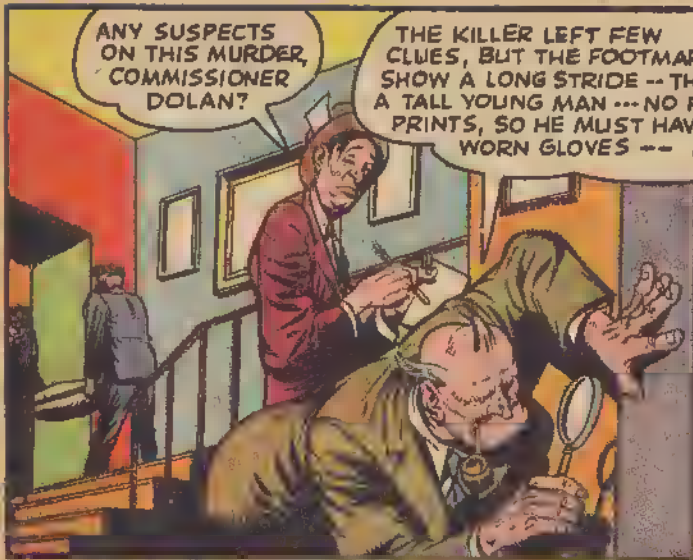


# The SPIRIT

**A** THOUSAND CRIMES have started this way-- simply, grimly!! ... and a thousand times have the police arrested the butler, maid, janitor, and the ice man... All scientifically deduced! Yet, when they get the *REAL* killer -- "in the end" -- it is *NOT* by pure science. *WHY?* Because crime and its detection is a fine art. *In crime*, two and two do not always make four and evidence cannot always be measured by inches or feet!



POLICE COMICS



ANY SUSPECTS ON THIS MURDER, COMMISSIONER DOLAN?

THE KILLER LEFT FEW CLUES, BUT THE FOOTMARKS SHOW A LONG STRIDE -- THEREFORE A TALL YOUNG MAN --- NO FINGER-PRINTS, SO HE MUST HAVE WORN GLOVES -- EH??

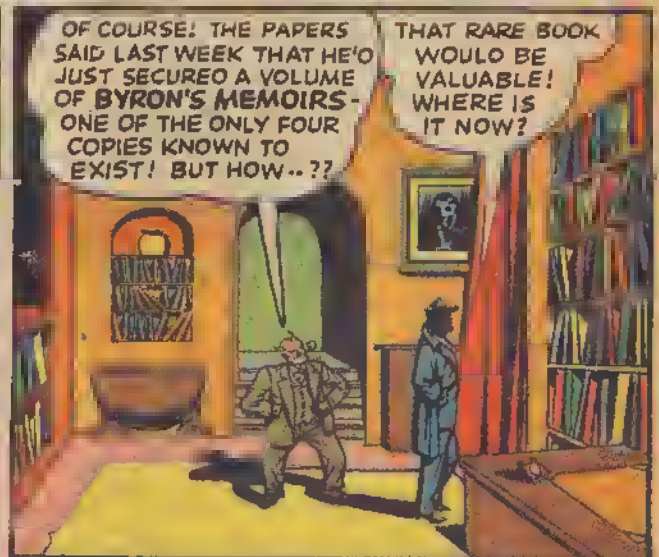


HELLO, OOLAN! FOR ONCE YOU GOT HERE AHEAD OF ME!



LET'S NOT FOOL AROUND! THIS IS SERIOUS! I'M UP A CREEK! -- NO SUSPECTS-- NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THE VICTIM'S BACKGROUND!

NO? BUT WASN'T HE CROCKER, THE RARE BOOK COLLECTOR?



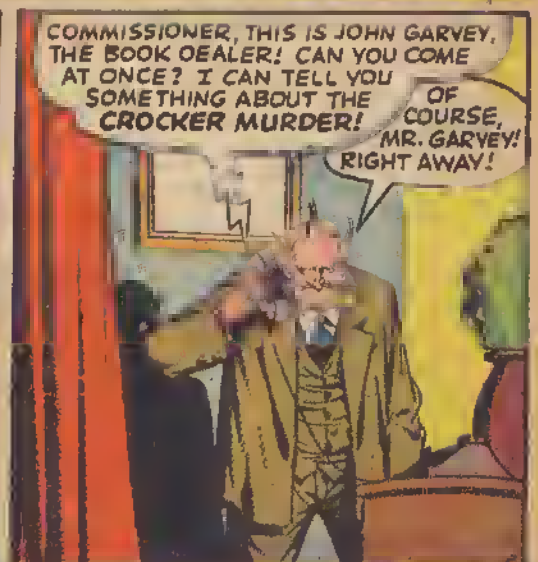
OF COURSE! THE PAPERS SAID LAST WEEK THAT HE' JUST SECURED A VOLUME OF BYRON'S MEMOIRS-- ONE OF THE ONLY FOUR COPIES KNOWN TO EXIST! BUT HOW..??

THAT RARE BOOK WOULD BE VALUABLE! WHERE IS IT NOW?



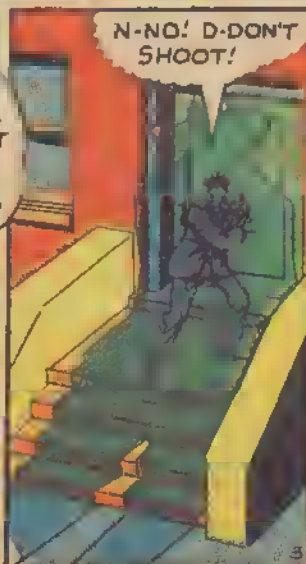
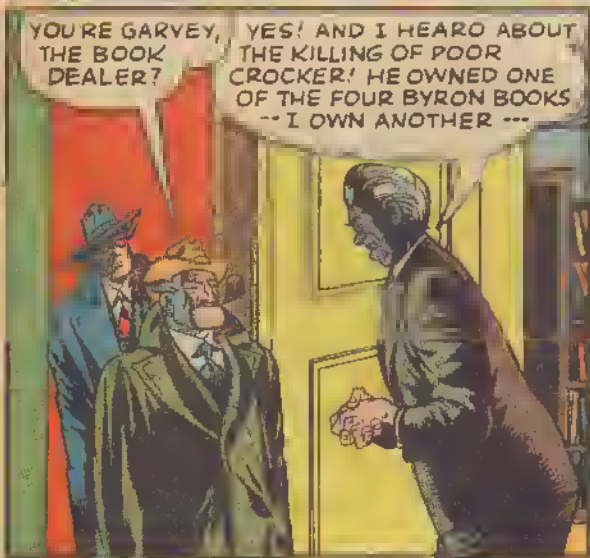
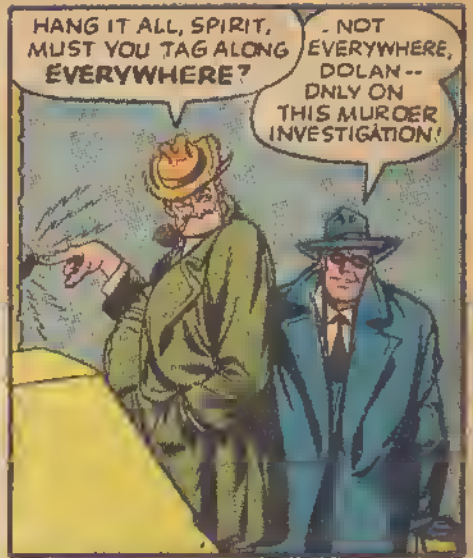
BY THUNDER! THERE'S NO SIGN OF THAT BYRON BOOK! SPIRIT, MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!

THIS PHONE CALL IS FOR YOU, DOLAN!



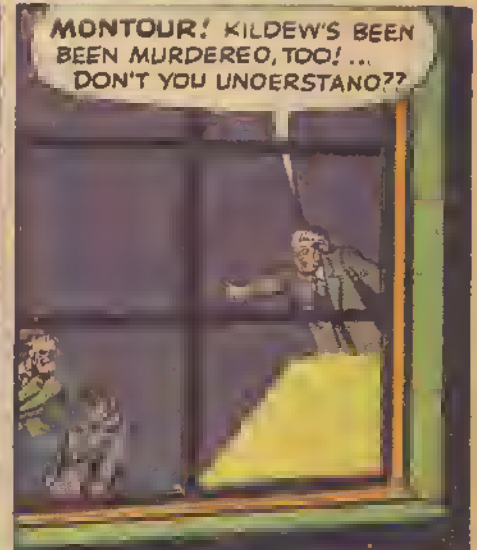
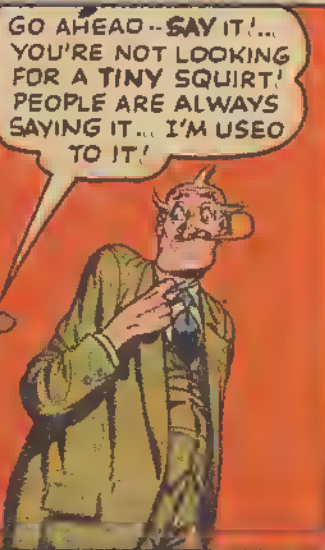
COMMISSIONER, THIS IS JOHN GARVEY, THE BOOK DEALER! CAN YOU COME AT ONCE? I CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT THE CROCKER MURDER!

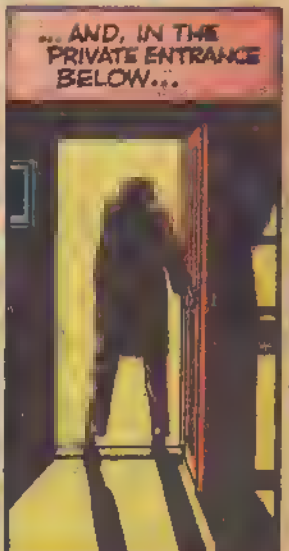
OF COURSE, MR. GARVEY! RIGHT AWAY!



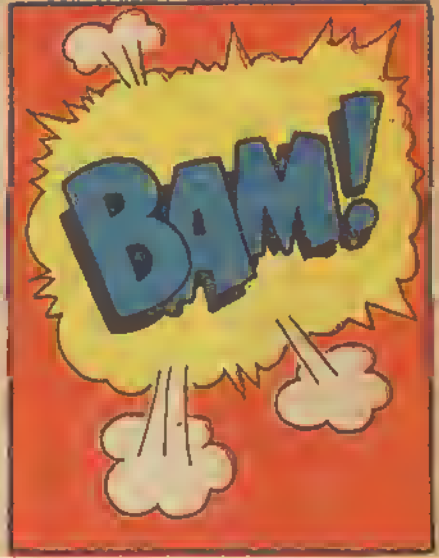


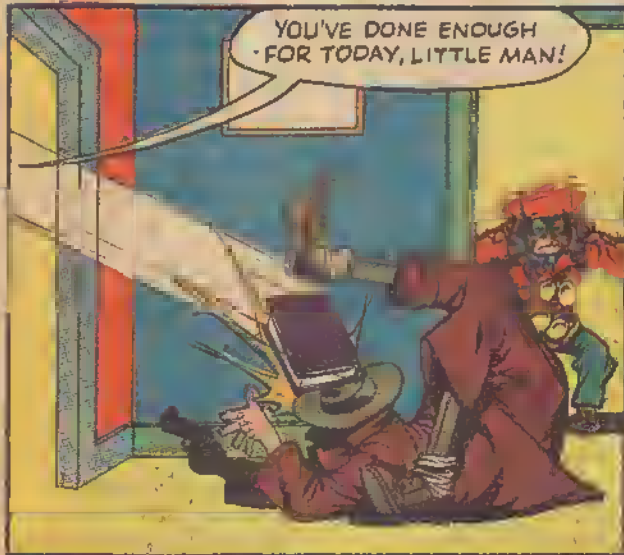
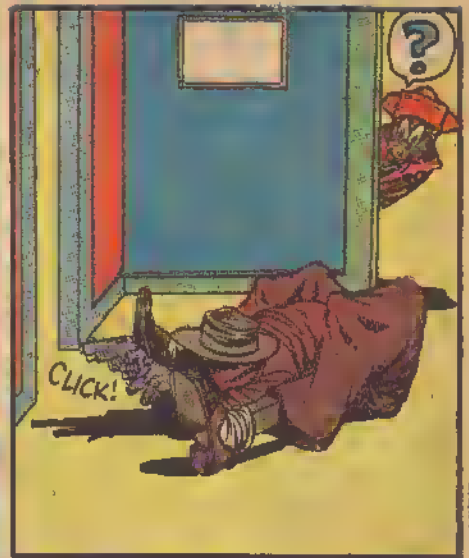
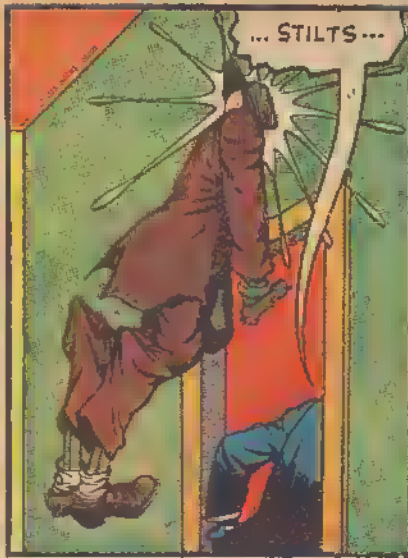
POLICE COMICS



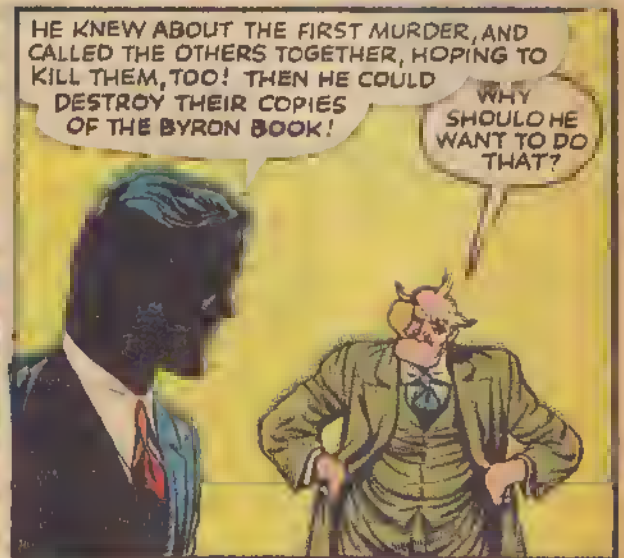
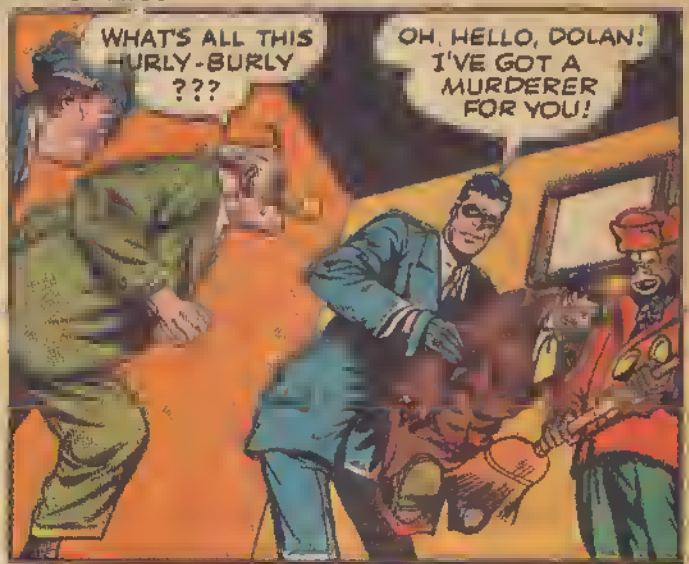


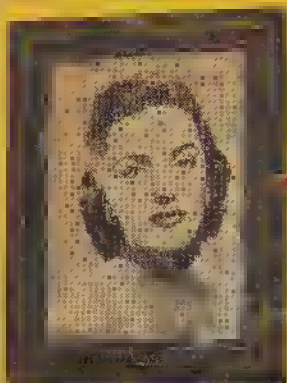












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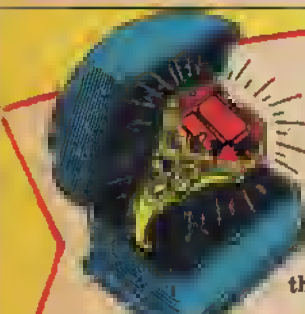
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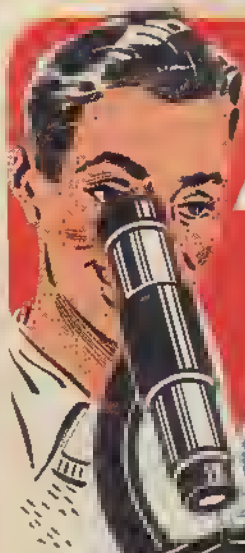
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State ..... Gift  
Wanted .....

**GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-718, Jefferson, Iowa**





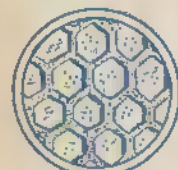
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